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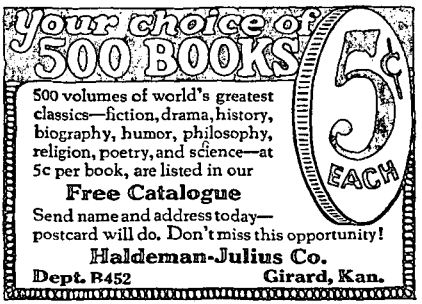
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THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320 — NUMBER 4148

JANUARY 5, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AFTER BRITAIN'S BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS

THE outcome of the British elections appears to have been a surprise to all parties; and the first papers printed after the decision was known to reach our desk betray some bewilderment as to the causes behind the unanticipated swing to Liberalism and Labor, and to the policy it dictates. H. G. Wells, in the *Westminster Gazette*, observes: 'The simplicity of the voting-method employed leaves the intelligent observer entirely free to put whatever interpretation he likes upon these results. Poor Demos might just as well have stayed away from the polls altogether for any chance he has had of expressing himself about France or about Russia, or about the Singapore dockyards, or anything else of importance in the outer world.' He regards the chief result of the convulsion putting Lloyd George back in the limelight, and makes the election the text for a long delivery upon the ex-Premier's personality and prospects.

The *Morning Post*, farthest to the Right among London dailies, is shocked into a skeptical attitude toward the whole electoral system:—

If we are to judge by the proportion of votes, the country is of nearly the same mind as it was last year; whereas the actual result is so totally different from last year that it is impossible to say what the mind of the country really is. It would almost seem as if the perfect representative system had not yet been achieved. Various ingenious proposals have been made for remedying obvious inequalities; but what we are concerned to remark is that, no matter how excellent the system devised, democracy is and will remain capable of defeating the most ingenious representative organization.

So far is the privilege of a vote from giving its owner a share in the government of the country, it may be so used, or misused, that such an unforeseen accident as the addition of a third party to the two historical parties, may, and does, cancel its value altogether. Those who take some interest in the good government of the country may well discover some apprehension when they survey the situation.

The *Daily Herald*, the London Labor organ, wants a Labor Government. The Labor Party must not shirk responsibility now that the test has come. It believes that Labor might do something for the unemployed immediately, but adds: 'No bargaining with any other party for support can be thought of. No working arrangement can be considered. But if Labor takes a bold and vigorous line the other parties might be frightened into letting it go through.'

Le Temps, which gives the most care-

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fully considered and complete review of the election of any French paper that has come to hand, says: 'The defeat of the Baldwin Cabinet seems to have frightened those who did not expect it. Let us give them time to recover their equanimity, and, lest we be exposed to another shock of this kind, let us try to predict how English policy will be affected.' It believes the Conservatives will decide to efface themselves, leaving the Liberals to share with Labor the responsibility for any policy the latter party may adopt. It thinks the election has not helped forward a solution of either of the two principal objects of the campaign: to strengthen England's markets, and to diminish unemployment. The remedy for these must be sought primarily in foreign policy, which must begin by stabilizing foreign exchange; and, in order to accomplish this, Germany's currency must be restored to a firm foundation. France should contribute to this end in every way in her power.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, the Quai d'Orsay does not consider a Labor Government among political possibilities, though there is some evidence that such a possibility is none the less reckoned with by French statesmen. The London *Outlook* quotes *Journal*, a Government organ, to the effect that the Paris Cabinet had guided its policy during the campaign with an eye to securing a victory for Mr. Baldwin. *Journal's* words in the *Outlook* translation are 'Moreover, the whole policy of the past few weeks has been dominated by the same consideration. In order to throw the maintenance of the Entente Cordiale into the electoral balance, we have made numerous concessions.'

Roland Atkinson, the well-known Paris correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, believes the verdict of the British electors will undoubtedly help the Liberal-Radical group, which is leading the *Bloc des Gauches*. The figures of the votes obtained by Poincaré in the Chamber are misleading. Political sentiment in France is not as clear-cut as those figures indicate. The influences that have kept the present Cabinet in power are weakened both by the practical termination of the fighting phase in the Ruhr and by the Liberal-Labor victory in Great Britain. The National Bloc loses its reason for existence and some of its prestige as a result of these two events. Mr. Atkinson foresees another swing of the pendulum from the Conservative direction toward Liberalism.

Acute political students are basing their calculations on the assumption that, as the British elections of 1918 gave the lead to a Conservative movement which was followed in the United States and France, so the turn of the tide in the British elections of 1923 will again have its counterpart in France. The Liberal-Radical Party will certainly do its utmost to bring about the realization of that possibility. During the highly important diplomatic conferences and Parliamentary debates which have taken place in the last three or four weeks, it has registered all the marks, while the *Bloc National* has been left almost entirely without comfort.

*

THE RUHR INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT

THE direct settlement recently made between the Rhenish-Westphalian mining syndicate and the Interallied Commission for the Control of Factories and Mines — otherwise known as the M. I. C. U. M. — was the outstanding fact of Reparations relations during the last week in November. The agreement was published in full in both German and French by *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Hugo Stinnes's Berlin organ.

The report of the settlement and its terms was received with reserved ap-

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probation by the Continental press. The noncommittal attitude of the leading Paris papers, and of those German papers which speak with most authority, deprives their comment of much interest. Naturally the Labor press represents the whole thing as a compact between French and German capitalists to exploit the proletariat for their common benefit. The Paris correspondent of the *Statist* thinks the French Cabinet is entitled to congratulation for bringing the German coal barons to their knees, and characterizes the terms of the agreement as 'almost too good to be true.'

Not merely do the mine-owners consent to pay fifteen million dollars in arrears of taxation and ten francs on every ton of coal they may sell in future, but they agree to deliver to the Allies on Reparations account 18 per cent of their output, while at the same time submitting to a continuation of the system of export licences. If their normal output be put at 90,000,000 tons of coal, the Allies should receive next year sixteen million tons and France, in particular, between eleven and twelve millions instead of the ten and one-half millions during 1922. By adding the production of the mines now being operated by the Franco-Belgian régie — for the régie means to continue operating them — the French share would be raised to between seventeen and eighteen million tons, whereof from five to six millions would be in the form of coke. If the promise be fulfilled, therefore, France will have not merely sufficient coal for her own needs but a balance for export, because it must not be forgotten that her mines are increasing their output month by month.

The Paris correspondent of the *Economist* is somewhat less exuberant, though he regards the agreement 'as definitely marking the end of passive resistance in the Ruhr, and as opening the prospect of a rational settlement of the Reparations problem.' He adds: 'The one fly in the ointment is the Franco-Belgian claim to the right to deduct the cost of the occupation of the Ruhr from the cash that is in future to be paid over to the Reparations Commission.' The coal-owners agreed to this claim under the reservation that it should be subject to decision whether the Reparations Commission has the right to impose such a condition. Of course, the French and Belgians claim that the Commission has such power, while the British Government is inclined to dispute it. The *Spectator* imagines 'that Great Britain cannot touch such payments after expressing her solemn opinion that the French occupation of the Ruhr is illegal.'

The Berlin correspondent of the *Economist*, doubtless reflecting business opinion rather than the attitude of the general public, says that the agreement 'has been very badly taken' in that city. He adds that nobody believes it is practicable, and that it will not relieve the acute hunger-crisis in the Ruhr, which is the main problem to be solved.

THE SAHARA RAILWAY AND SOUTH AMERICA

Now that automobiles, tractors, and airplanes are crossing the Sahara, it is expected that the locomotive will shortly follow in their track. France has been planning one or more such lines for several years, and is now reported to be on the point of beginning actual construction. In addition to its strategic possibilities, a trans-Sahara railway would bring the markets and the labor reserves of tropical Africa within a few days of the older French settlements and colonies on the northern coast of the continent. The Timbuktu region is largely undeveloped on account of its inaccessibility. It produces already great quantities of excellent dates, and supports large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. A caravan trade in wool and leather has existed

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for some time. Large cotton-raising enterprises are being inaugurated. The tourist traffic would be of some importance. Zinc, lead, and traces of petroleum and potash exist.

Moreover, a farther-reaching vision lies behind this project, and indeed behind France's whole plan of African development. It is a dream as ambitious in its way as that which inspired the French explorers in North America three centuries ago, when they sought to encircle the British colonies with a belt of empire extending from the St. Lawrence to New Orleans. A Brazilian of French descent, M. G. d'Escragnolle Taunay, writing in *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, emphasizes the economic and political, as well as the cultural, unity of the Latin world in the broader definition of the word. The Latins must prevent the Western Hemisphere from becoming an Anglo-Saxon continent; and railways across the Sahara will contribute largely to achieve that end.

The terminus of the latter upon the Atlantic would be less than eighteen hundred miles by water from the terminus of a proposed South American transcontinental line from Arica to Recife in Brazil. 'The South American and the African continents stretch toward each other as if to clasp hands. Brazil and French Guiana are the outposts of South America toward Africa. From Recife to Dakar would be only a sixty hours' run for a modern ocean greyhound.' Recife will soon be connected by rail with Rio de Janeiro. Therefore 'the enormous importance of the trans-Sahara railway from the general point of view of race, of French influence, and of definite French control over the destinies of Latin America, is obvious to every seeing eye.'

Le Temps discusses the new route from the military and engineering aspect: 'The new military law provides for enlisting annually two hundred and eighty thousand natives, most of whom will come from Africa. This makes it obviously of vital importance to ensure the speedy and uninterrupted transportation of these contingents to France in case of mobilization.' Therefore the future line will connect with the Algerian system in the province of Oran, continue south some distance west of the Morocco border, pass Kenatsa, where coal mines have recently been discovered, traverse the line of Touat oases, and then proceed by the most direct route possible to the Niger at Tosaye. It will not be possible to use either steam or electric traction at first on account of lack of water. Consequently, internal-combustion engines will be used.

*

MEXICO'S TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES

CLAUDIO BELTRAN, a well-known Spanish publicist, contributes to *El Sol* — under military censorship — an analysis of the recent agreement between Mexico and the United States. It is significantly entitled: 'Something Spain has not contrived to do.' He cites the agreement as 'a conspicuous example of international morality and respect for public law that the young democracies of America have given to convulsed Europe.'

Mexico recognizes the right of Americans domiciled in her territories to indemnity for their losses, either by the acts of the Government or by private parties, during the recent revolutionary disorders. European diplomats in the present period of ethical demoralization have vainly sought to secure a recognition of the same principle on their own continent. Where American estates have been confiscated, subdivided, and distributed

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among the natives in accordance with the present agrarian policy of the Mexican Government, the owners shall either have them back with compensation or be paid outright.

Commenting upon this, the author says: 'Two countries racially distinct and politically hostile, one Capitalist and the other Socialist, agree upon a limitation of their domestic sovereignty in order to pave the way to international collaboration. They do not treat each other as victor and vanquished. Each one observes its own doctrines and its own laws. But when these contradictory laws come into conflict, all bow before decisions of a Mixed Arbitral Commission. Is there in the history of European arbitrations an instance of an equally absolute recognition of juristic procedure?' The other provisions of the Treaty receive equally laudatory comment.

✽

MINOR NOTES

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S Message to Congress received a *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* welcome from the European press. The warmth of that welcome was tempered considerably by his decisive reassertion of our policy of isolation and by his insistence upon our financial claims against Europe being given ultimate consideration. Only occasionally did the rather conventional comment have an interesting point, as for instance where the *Manchester Guardian*, characterizing Mr. Coolidge as 'the polar opposite of his predecessor,' said: 'Mr. Harding was diffuse and vague, Mr. Coolidge is condensed and definite.'

THE Tory *National Review* ascribed Mr. Harvey's resignation to the fact that he 'was necessarily *persona non grata* among highbrows, internationalists, and mugwumps.' In noting the appointment of Mr. Kellogg to succeed him, the outspoken editor adds: —

We are frankly regretful that the President has not utilized the opportunity by selecting one of those forceful and representative Americans with whom we have nowadays to reckon, for instance, Senator Hiram Johnson of California, from whom the British public might have learned some of the many things of which they are now lamentably ignorant, while the Californian firebrand might have benefited by a sojourn on this side of the Atlantic.

✽

SOME CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

ENGLISH labor leaders are receiving increased attention from the cartoonists, as a result of the prospect that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be asked to

"HONEST JOHN THOMAS"

form a cabinet when Parliament meets. Quiz, cartoonist of the *Saturday Review*, thus caricatures this Labor champion and one of his right-hand men, the Right Honorable James Henry Thomas, General Secretary of the National Union of Railway Men, and a probable member of any Labor cabinet.

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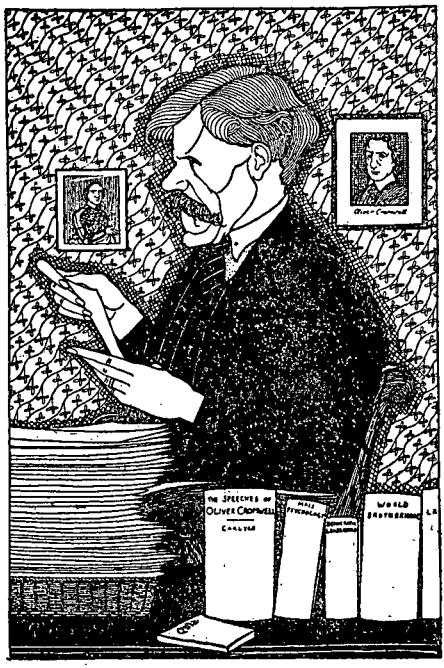
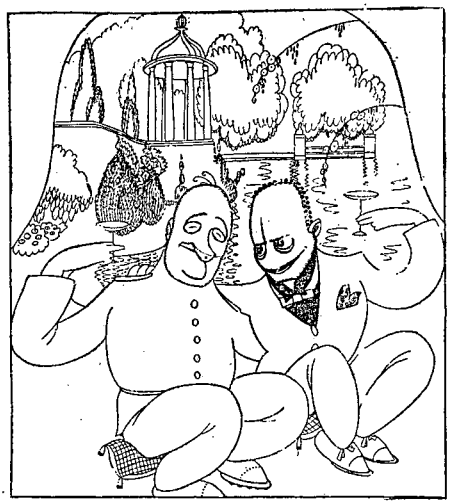


MR. RAMSAY MacDONALD

Bagaría, the Spanish cartoonist, thus satirizes his fellow citizens, apropos of the meeting of Mussolini and Primo de Rivera at Rome: —



MUSSOLINI: *My Cabinet's most difficult task is to discourage the sale of imported macaroni in delicatessen shops.*

PRIMO: *Quite right. But the macaroni question does not affect my people — they live on illusions.*

However vexing the problem of imported macaroni may be to 'the two Mussolinis' there are other parts of Europe where the difficulty is not to discourage sales but to find money that will keep its value overnight. Though American dollars are readily accepted all over modern Europe, there is no place where they are quite so eagerly sought as in Germany. There money that retains its value from day to day is indeed a commodity to be sought at any cost.

Fliegende Blätter caricatures the pursuit of the dollar and the flight of the mark — though not in the orthodox sense — in the following cartoons: —

I

'Help, I am drowning!'

II

'I'm an American — I will reward you in dollars!'

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THE CENTENARY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

From the *Observer*, *November* 25
(London Semi-Radical Monthly)

Next Sunday will be the one-hundredth anniversary of the Message to Congress by which President Monroe caused his name to be remembered, though it was chiefly due to a more memorable man, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. From the first, American statesmanship recognized two principles of foreign policy: avoidance of permanent alliance with any European Power, and vigilance against any tendency of such Powers to seek new territory across the Atlantic. To this day the tradition of the United States in foreign policy centres round these two simple ideas; indeed, the prevailing tradition might be said to consist of nothing else. The latter of these principles received its classical expression in Monroe's Message, of which the gist lay in the notice given to all Europe, 'that the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.'

But no definite and final formulation of the 'doctrine' is to be looked for. On the contrary, many Americans have laid stress on the complete 'elasticity' of the doctrine. They will not be restricted by the moderate terms in which it has sometimes been expressed; though they need not be debited with the full arrogance which some of their statesmen have imparted to it. It rests on no understanding with other countries; other countries are not to interpret it; and, when diplomatists who intended to safeguard it in the Covenant of the League of Nations used of it the term 'understanding,' they provoked correct, though irritable, criticism in America. It is very like the British tradition which asserts for us special interests and responsibilities in regions near or on the way to India. We have sometimes been sleepy about it, sometimes arrogant; in the main we have been vigilant, very often conspicuously just. We have, at least till very lately, let none but ourselves interpret our rights and duties; and on the whole this has been well for the world.

Even so, it has been a good thing that America has been constitutionally jealous of a danger which was present, in different degrees, from Washington's time till 1918. It is well known now that, like France under the Second Empire, Germany under the Empire cherished large designs upon the American continents. It is a good thing for all the peoples concerned that the United States is committed to resisting any such designs. And, in a people so remote from foreign relations, it is well to have in reserve cries, such as the appeal to the Monroe Doctrine, to which patriotism will quickly respond.

The Monroe Doctrine, limiting European expansion, has, of course, been linked throughout with the expansion of the United States. We too are, for good and evil, an imperialistic people, and had better fairly say the worst of American imperialism rather than suspect it in polite silence. The territorial expansion of the original States has differed from other 'empire-building' by the extreme ease with which its

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successive huge annexations could be accomplished, the extraordinary wealth of the dominion thus gained, and the ensuing sense of repletion which those who have felt it have sometimes fancied meant exemption from all vulgar human appetites. The process of expansion included at one time acts more discreditable than any of at all comparable magnitude which can be charged to the British Empire. Let it be no less plainly said that in all its more recent developments it has exhibited a sense of honor and of duty toward weaker peoples at least as keen as that to which we as a nation can lay claim.

Monroe's Message was sent in the period between the two great acts in the continental expansion of the United States. California and the large territories to the east of it had not yet been wrested from Mexico. Russia was understood to have designs upon California, and disagreements with England might arise. This really determined the character of the Message. But the occasion taken for the great pronouncement was the deliverance of the revolted Spanish colonies from fear of reconquest by the restored Spanish monarchy backed by the Holy Alliance.

Jefferson, who surely was not excessively pro-British, had seen in this crisis the opportunity for the permanent association of our two nations in support of freedom. But the peril to the Spanish-American Republics had already been ended by Canning with the moral support of United States diplomacy and the actual support of the British Navy, upon which then, and at most times since, the Monroe Doctrine has depended. Under the circumstances, and doubtless with many excellent reasons, the virtuous J. Q. Adams conceived a different aim from that of the reprehensible Jefferson. The cause of liberty could be dismissed with compliments, the differences of the European Powers turned to American advantage, and the aid of England accepted without incurring — certainly without paying — any debt of gratitude or friendship.

This may have been all right, but he showed superb skill in the arts supposed by Americans to be peculiar to Old World diplomacy, and the cynicism with which he wrote about it was never excelled by Bismarck. Possibly Jefferson, to whom, for all his sins, there had been vouchsafed the vision of the coming democracy and the vision of the great West, had here also the longer sight.

Many years after, the Monroe Doctrine was recalled to English memory by that explosion of the really admirable President Cleveland about Venezuela in 1895, of which some adequate explanation has been said to exist, but has never been revealed. Nothing need be said as to the substance of a transaction from which no harm resulted, but the manner of it is worth remembering for Secretary Olney's restatement of the great Doctrine. 'To-day,' he wrote, 'the United States is practically sovereign on this Continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.'

It is not necessary to inquire carefully to what subjects it will confine its interposition. Its sentiment does not lean to serious bullying. It will no more, if it can help it, conquer Mexico than we shall conquer Afghanistan. If we ask whether the State Department will never be influenced to secure favors for American, to the detriment of foreign, capital in countries where it professes to keep the 'open door,' the best answer is that this is not of first-rate importance. But Americans, who censure the imperialism of other nations, might do well to recall many chapters in the history of their own, culminating, with Mr. Olney, in an utterance which, unless it was a piece of most

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childish verbosity, can hardly have been excelled by any boast of Prussian Cæsarism.

American no less than English imperialism has its dangers and has committed its sins. But each has represented no wanton wickedness, but the struggle, on the whole honest, of a great people to cope with difficulties, opportunities, and duties really presented to it. It would be the merest cynicism to forget that in each the ideas of duty, of humanity, and of generous neighborliness have been active from an early time, and, in spite of occasional reaction, with markedly increasing force. I have taken this occasion for recalling some unpleasant things, for a simple reason.

It is well that Americans cherish fondly high traditions derived from far back which will yet carry their people onward; and it is well that men in other countries should gladly recognize — as they have not always — what is greatest in America. But certainly the greatest obstacle to foreign respect for America — to be candid, a standing subject of foreign derision — is the insensate persuasion still prevalent there of a special immunity of America from sin, whether in national dealings with other nations or in any other matter. Nor can it well fail to be a degrading influence, going far to frustrate what truly is good in that country.

A fortnight ago, gathered for as solemn an act of devotion as ever expressed a people's life, the King, the Prime Ministers of the Empire, and a crowded congregation representative of it, sang these words, taken, be it observed, from the most robustly patriotic of our poets: —

> If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues which have not Thee in awe,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For frantic boast and foolish word —
> Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

There has been one great American who thought and spoke like Mr. Kipling. It was Abraham Lincoln.

A single sentence is enough for that other side of the matter which no reasonable Englishman doubts: The highest human endeavors have as vigorous a life in America as here or in any land. That therefore a sort of partnership should arise between our countries is true in a sense, and in a sense misleading. There will be no exclusive friendship, for some bad reasons and for this good one — that friendliness and sympathy are by nature no exclusive things.

Nor should what some regard as the defection of America from the world's cause since the war be so hastily judged. No doubt a great opportunity has been lost by some American statesman because, like the corresponding English statesman, he did not exist. But the attitude of that half of America which shrank from the League was not prevailingly selfish. There is no necessary selfishness in a strong disposition to mind one's own business first, and it is upon such principle that many Americans are loath to let the old traditions of American policy, which have, in fact, worked well, give way too quickly to a newer doctrine.

It is possible to frame one's hopes for the world's advance on a different pattern from those who devised the Covenant. The school which has prevailed in America and that which has prevailed here are not so radically divided as they might seem. No good whatever can be done at this moment by abstract discussion of their differences. Good untold may arise out of simple respect. We, on our part, having reviewed with no lack of candor some of the old American principles which have shown so vigorous a vitality, can pay our tribute of respect with the greater cordiality and good will.

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DICTATORSHIP OF THE GREAT POWERS. I

BY ARTURO ORZÁBAL QUINTANA

[*This article, which will continue through two issues, and ends with an indictment of our own policies in Latin America, is significant, despite the extremely radical sympathies of the author, for at least two reasons: it is given the most prominent place in the leading literary review of Argentina; and it represents a school of opinion among our neighbors in the Western Hemisphere too important to be ignored. Needless to say, it does not express the ideas of another large and influential school of political thought in the countries for which it speaks.*]

From *Nosotros, October*
(BUENOS AIRES LITERARY AND POLITICAL REVIEW)

INTERNATIONAL law, like all human institutions, is constantly changing. It is not immutable or definitive. Now that confusion and chaos are invading the capitalist system, only close observation of facts can give us a clear idea of the standards that at present control relations between Governments. We are living in one of the darkest hours of history. The high ideals that the conscience of the world would have govern intercourse among nations are in deadly peril.

Foreign offices and their hired press and diplomatic propagandists try vainly to hide this deplorable situation from the public. Its lessons for the nations of Latin America are forcible and definite. Never have the guaranties of abstract justice been more fallacious than to-day. Let us therefore seek the key to our destiny and the secret of liberty in political realities, not in judicial formulas.

The concept of national sovereignty implies complete control over our domestic affairs and absolute independence in our international relations. The intercourse of every sovereign country with other countries should be determined exclusively by itself. This excludes all foreign intervention and all international control. A State recognizes no superiors; it recognizes only equals. That is the theory. In practice, however, this is true only of the Great Powers. It is not true of dealings between those Powers and other nations.

The distinction between great Powers and small Powers has long been recognized in international politics. It springs from the nature of things. In every organized society the most powerful groups of individuals control. Similarly, the strong nations dominate weak nations and control the international community.

The Great Powers at the end of the war in 1918 were the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. Before that Germany, Austria, and Russia held the same rank. Of the two Central Empires, one has been partitioned into little States, and the second faces similar disintegration. Unquestionably Russia is still a Great Power, although her enemies obstinately deny it. The number of Great Powers varies in different historical epochs, but there is always tacit agreement as to what these Powers are at any definite date.

Great Powers must be decisively superior in military strength to any secondary Power. It is evident tha

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the military and naval resources of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan far surpass those of other nations. It may contradict our ideas of abstract justice to conceive a State as an incarnation of power, but this is what the State actually is in practice. It is essentially a coercive agency. It fulfills its purpose the better, the more competent it is to impose the will of the strong upon the weak within and without its boundaries. Japan was not recognized as a Great Power, or even as a civilized nation, so long as her people were eminent only for their art. She was so recognized as soon as her armies defeated those of China and Russia on the battlefield.

A Great Power must also have a large population. It is true that China has more inhabitants than any other country. None the less, she is a secondary Power because she lacks national cohesion and economic solidarity, without which she cannot compete with stronger rivals. If public opinion is really a force in world government, population again comes into play. Quite apart from military resources, we can understand why the public opinion of the United States, for instance, backed up by one hundred million people, should have more weight than that of Norway, with less than three million people. Indeed, of all legal maxims, that which proclaims the equality of independent States departs farthest from facts.

A third characteristic of a Great Power is capitalist imperialism. Some smaller nations, like Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Holland, possess colonies that they struggle to retain but do not aspire to enlarge. The imperialism of these nations is a relic of the past. It is different from the imperialism of the Great Powers, because it is not dynamic, and it is therefore tolerated by the latter. We have now reached the point where there are no unoccupied territories left for further distribution, although the future of some nations, like China and Abyssinia, is still unsettled. To-day millions of human beings in every continent live in political and economic subjugation to the Great Powers.

The relations of these Powers with their subject races differ merely in detail. Their fundamental feature is ruthless exploitation of native labor. The defenseless proletariat of colonial countries suffers the extreme consequences of the capitalist régime, which is held in check at home by the powerful resistance of organized labor.

The five Great Powers of to-day, therefore, possess military and naval forces superior to those of any other country, a more numerous population, and more extensive territories and colonial interests. However, they differ widely among themselves in financial and economic strength. The per capita wealth of Japan has been computed at only one tenth that of the United States. Italy is more dependent economically upon other countries than is either France or England. During the Paris negotiations she was never treated as quite the equal of the other Great Powers. France controls Europe through her army, but she would go bankrupt instantly if her creditors, the United States and England, should demand payment of the debts she has voluntarily contracted. Therefore the two latter nations are the only ones that deserve the title of Great Powers in the absolute sense of the word.

Inequalities among smaller Powers are still more obvious. There is no comparison between Spain — itself almost a Great Power — and Albania and Luxemburg. The economic resources and military strength of Argentina are immensely superior to those of Ecuador or Nicaragua. But all the

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small States, no matter what their importance, are equally excluded from any real voice in important international matters. The Great Powers monopolize the right to impose their will upon the world.

Throughout history strong nations have always threatened the independence and the territorial integrity of weaker Powers. Only rivalry among themselves has prevented the total disappearance of their smaller neighbors. The balance of power that has begotten so many international crimes has often been the only protection — albeit precarious and brutal — of weaker States against the insatiable rapacity of those stronger than themselves.

However, the Great Powers, although their violent rivalry has repeatedly threatened the very existence of civilization, have always succeeded in reconciling their difficulties by joining to despoil the weaker nations. After Napoleon's overthrow they assumed the exclusive right to handle the negotiations with France, contemptuously rejecting all idea of equality among the Allies. 'The plenipotentiaries of the Allied courts declare that they do not enter the Conference simply as envoys of the Governments that have conferred upon them plenipotentiary powers, but as trustees to conclude peace with France in the name of Europe considered as a whole. These four Powers will be responsible for the acquiescence of their (smaller) Allies to such settlements as they find expedient when peace is made.'

It was thus that the representatives of the more powerful nations, speaking for allies who had not delegated to them any such authority whatever, affirmed their exclusive jurisdiction, and placed themselves on a different plane from the smaller States. A few years later Austria, Prussia, and Russia, having previously formed the Holy Alliance' declared their intention of intervening in the domestic affairs of smaller nations when needful to prevent the spread of revolutionary doctrines. In 1831, at the time of the Belgian Revolution . . . ten years later, in settling the question of the Dardanelles, and continuously down to our own time, the Great Powers have exhibited the same determination to exercise at all costs their hegemony over other nations. Serious discord ending in war has arisen among them, but they have never diverged from their consistent policy of ignoring the smaller States in settling important questions. . . .

Of late the diplomacy of the great capitalist States has been characterized by a more refined hypocrisy. The public opinion of the world, demanding with increasing insistence a reign of law, threatens to place obstacles in the way of their traditional policy of usurpation. Consequently it has been necessary to deceive the people by skillfully designed and executed stratagems. This purpose and no other was ultimately in view in the Hague Conferences. There is sufficient evidence of this in the fact that, at the precise moment when Nicholas II called together the representatives of the nations of the world to discuss arbitration and peace, the British Government was preparing for a campaign of brutal aggression that was to drench South Africa with blood for three long years and to destroy, for the private benefit of English capitalists, the liberty of the Transvaal and the Orange Republics.

Almost simultaneously the armed forces of the Great Powers invaded China, seized her capital, and imposed upon that country arbitrary and oppressive peace conditions. It was at this time also that England, Germany, and Italy brought their joint

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weight to bear upon Venezuela, against which our illustrious Drago protested so vigorously and eloquently. The independence of Morocco vanished before the bayonets of the French in 1907, the very year that the diplomats of the Third Republic signed the Conventions of The Hague and proclaimed, with unblushing disregard for the truth, that they were 'animated by a firm will to coöperate in maintaining general peace,' and were resolved 'to extend the reign of law and to strengthen the sentiment of international justice.'

This system of studied deception, so skillfully practised by the Great Powers from 1899 to 1907, was the most formidable moral weapon used by the belligerent States during the Great War. Before 1914 the world ingenuously believed peace would endure and justice reign. Therefore, in order to win the sympathy of the world and the support of their own people, the Allied Governments contrived a grandiose and progressive moral programme, illumined with texts of world salvation, for which the rising generation marched happily and confidently to death. This monstrous conflagration was to be the last; the cause of liberty was at stake. Once the Central Powers were overthrown, all causes of war would disappear forever and international anarchy would cease. The majesty of law would govern for all time to come relations between peoples, and the equality of nations, great and small, would be the glorious fruit of an Allied victory!

We all know that this buncombe had just the effect intended by those who used it to gain their own personal ends. There still echo in our ears the words of Wilson, the enigmatic apostle of the Fourteen Points, who dangled before the eyes of dazzled humanity a hope hitherto unknown. Every man of vision, every idealist in the world received these promises with the enthusiasm of men waiting eagerly to greet the dawn of a new era, of those crying in the wilderness for salvation. From every continent fervent prayers arose for the triumph of the Allied arms.

We can say with assurance that never were such brilliant dreams succeeded by so tragic an awakening. The political and economic fruits of the war were the absolute antithesis of what the Allies promised. The dry eloquence of facts speedily dissipated the fog of fiction with which Wilson's preaching had darkened our vision, and we beheld the world stripped hideously bare in all its brutal reality.

The first shock to our confidence came when we noted the singular identity in the diplomatic methods used, a century apart, at Vienna and at Paris. The attitude of the Great Powers toward the smaller Powers had not changed between 1815 and 1919. On both occasions the opinions and the wishes of the weaker nations were treated with the same contempt. On both occasions the principle that Governments enjoy equal rights was violated with the same indifference. Of the twenty-nine nations whose representatives met at Versailles to sign the Treaty, only the five Great Powers had any real part in drafting that most important document in history. Clemenceau bluntly put things in their true light in his speech of January 26, 1919. Replying to the complaints of the delegates who protested against their exclusion from these deliberations, the Tiger reminded them that the Great Powers had twelve million men under arms.

The Versailles Treaty marks a decided backward step toward a reign of brute force in its treatment of the vanquished, even when compared with the treaty of a century ago. When

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Napoleon was defeated, his conquerors did not try to crush France. Her attempt to establish her hegemony over Europe was expiated by her change of government, and she was soon readmitted to the concert of the Great Powers. In 1918, Germany was less fortunate. Her conquerors, brutally repudiating their solemn promises when the Armistice was made, set out deliberately to ruin her economically and to annihilate her politically. The five years since the war have been devoted to accomplishing that end. The pretended champions of right and justice wreaked a vengeance upon a helpless and famished people such as even a Metternich would have been scandalized to contemplate.

Some will doubtless argue that the Versailles Treaty, in establishing the League of Nations, consecrated the principles and ideals that the Allies proclaimed as their war aims. We sincerely endorse those principles and recognize that the Covenant of the League, like the discourses of President Wilson, contain many fine theories. But we insist that a simple observation of facts demonstrates that the practical policies of the Great Powers are not affected in the slightest by either the letter or the spirit of the Covenant. This document has become a pretext for costly and useless international meetings, where a few diplomats — more particularly from Latin America — ingenuously imagine they shape world policies, but in reality only add one more paper to official pigeonholes.

Contrary to what is generally assumed, the League of Nations is not an organism distinct from the Governments that compose it. In exact terms, the nations of the League are the League. Their defects are the defects of the League. Their qualities are the qualities of the League. If the attitude of the Great Powers toward the smaller Powers were different to-day from what it has been throughout history, the League of Nations might afford real protection to the latter. But so long as that attitude has not changed, the League of Nations does not deserve a shred of confidence.

The dictatorship, the *de facto* government, exercised by the Great Powers in all questions that affect the world at large is more obvious to-day than ever before, and is aggravated by the fact that the effects — beneficent or malevolent — of their authority are more far-reaching to-day than they were in the past. This is due to the close economic interdependence that, notwithstanding the obstacles Governments put in the way of free intercourse among nations, exists among the countries of the world to-day. The countless blunders of the Great Powers since the war have had repercussions in the life of every continent. Germany's prostration — if it continues as acute as at present — will plunge all Europe into chaos; and the effects of that disaster will be felt in the business life of every Latin-American country. . . .

However, the great capitalist Powers have not been able to impose their dictatorial decisions in several instances. They have failed completely in two cases. Fearing that the great movement of emancipation in the former Empire of the Tsars might endanger the foundations of the political and social system that guaranteed their power, they exerted themselves to the utmost to crush the heroic nation that had risen so valiantly against the iniquities of a monstrous Government. But the Russians, skillfully and patriotically led by the Bolsheviki, emerged victorious from the unequal combat. Their victory, due more to moral than to material causes, had to be recognized by the dictators of Europe, who were forced

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to invite the Soviet authorities to meet them on a footing of equality at the Genoa Conference. The second instance was the repudiation by Turkey of a treaty of peace similar to that of Versailles. That nation, revived and strengthened by the support of New Russia, successfully defied the great capitalist Powers of Europe, and liberated herself from the political and economic yoke that they have imposed upon her for many decades.

Nevertheless, the dictatorship of the Great Powers will continue until fundamental changes occur in their social organization. So long as their Governments continue to represent the interests and ambitions of capitalism, their policies will be guided by the dictates of force instead of justice. For it is force and force alone that perpetuates the existence of the régime that now oppresses and debases mankind.

APOLOGIA IN LIMINE PATRIÆ

BY CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH-WILHELM

[The following letter was written by the former Crown Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm from Wieringen to Professor Philipp Zorn of Bonn University, shortly before he returned to Germany.]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, November* 17
(Paris Liberal Political Weekly)

My dear Councillor, —

I am infinitely grateful in my solitude for every sign of life that my former friends give me. You may well imagine, therefore, the pleasure that your loyal remembrance has caused me and the interest with which I have read what you say as to the situation in Germany. Your impartial rendering of facts gave me much food for thought, as it did formerly, in my happy student years at Bonn. Moreover, thinking has gradually become a habit with your former pupil.

With regard to one important matter discussed in your last letter, I have this to say: the question of a republic or a monarchy ought not, in my opinion, to play any rôle in the tragic condition in which our country now finds itself. As you know, I have always held the opinion that the monarch exists for the people, and not the people for the monarch. After our fearful collapse in 1918, the consequences of which are felt more keenly every day, a National Assembly elected by the German people decided by a majority vote in favor of a republic. The Constitution of Weimar, in spite of all the objections that may be made to it, is consequently the law of the land. My personal opinion that a monarchy, for many reasons, would serve the interests of the people better has nothing to do with the case. To-day no government can bring prosperity to the nation unless it is founded upon a constitution approved by a majority of the people.

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This is why I consider it a crime to aggravate class dissensions in Germany at such an hour as this, or to preach a class struggle. The German proletariat is far too reasonable not to recognize — in its majority — that our common devotion to our country is our only hope of safety. The German proletariat is part of the German nation as much as we are. Consequently no government can last that is not supported by the confidence of the majority of the workers.

The situation being thus, I consider such propaganda as is being conducted to-day in different places not only vain but harmful. Naturally every party has the right to try to win adherents; but that should not be done in such a way as to threaten law and order. What we customarily call a *Putsch* is a crime against the German people, who are in no condition at present to endure new shocks. Peace, order, work, and harmony are blessings that the Fatherland needs more than ever to-day.

The cruel burden that is crushing our country should not be made heavier by political controversies.

Unhappily we often failed to consider in the course of the war that there is a limit to the sufferings and trials that a nation can endure. Had we done so, our leaders would have made a much more determined effort to conclude a timely peace. You know what my attitude toward peace was during different phases of the war. It is an attitude that I expressed on several occasions in public.

After the battle of the Marne, in 1914, I believed that a complete victory was no longer possible. That is the reason I supported every promising way of making peace, so far as I could do so without weakening the morale of my country, which we dared not weaken so long as we were facing an enemy determined to destroy us. It was a mistake on the part of our political leaders not to have used more skillfully our opportunities to make an early peace.

Again, in the summer of 1917, Germany could, in my opinion, have withdrawn from the war under relatively good conditions.

After our offensive in 1918 was checked, the situation was so serious that an immediate peace was necessary. No single thing was to blame; but a total of all our errors — aggravated by the blockade from which the German people were suffering more and more — and our extremely critical military situation precipitated the catastrophe. There remains the question whether the catastrophe might not have been mitigated somewhat.

It is better to stop asking who were to blame. If we continue to brood over this question in a partisan spirit we cannot work whole-heartedly on the all-important task of reconstruction. After all, it is a question to be left to the historians to decide. The thing to-day is to learn the lesson of our mistakes and to remove all obstacles that stand in the way of domestic harmony, so that we may devote our united strength to repairing the damage to our country. I am not permitted at present to share that task even as a private man or in a limited circle; but during these long years of solitude I have learned patience. I have learned to judge events, men, and things objectively.

But this is enough about these three years of voluntary exile. My longing for my wife and my children and my family life — a longing that any normal human being can understand — has become overpowering.

I live in the hope that, if my hour of deliverance is about to strike, there may be some place for me in my country. . .

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MEXICO TO-DAY—OR YESTERDAY?

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[This article was in type before Mexico's political discords had resumed their present violent aspect. It presents a picture of ideals and achievements that we trust have not become merely a matter of history.]

From the *Times*, *November* 6, 7, 8, 9
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

Upon a bench in the green, sun-checkered woods of Chapultepec sits a sturdily built man with a round, genial face and bright eyes. The right sleeve of his well-worn tweed suit is empty, his close-cropped head is bare, and he swings a straw hat between his knees. Contemplative, silent, he looks away to the broad plains and snow-crowned mountains, between the silver and emerald plumes of the *ahuehuetes*, the famous conifers that were already old before Cortes came conquering to Mexico four hundred years ago.

This is the ruler of Mexico, General Alvaro Obregón. As the only sign of rank, behind the bench stands a tall, pallid young aid-de-camp smartly dressed in khaki. It is but three years since Obregón came riding his horse into the capital, shirt sleeves rolled up, a red handkerchief about his neck, to take the reins of a country of fifteen millions of people, torn by ten years of ruinous internal war.

No one could fail to recognize General Obregón at a glance. Nevertheless, he receives a salute from scarcely one in twenty of the people who come to make holiday in the lovely groves. In Diaz's golden day the brilliant cavalcade of the President was invariably greeted by loud cheering, hat-waving, a tumult of *Vivas* — and there was no one so daring as to picnic upon the sacred grass of Chapultepec. But now General Obregón is the Citizen President, and the citizen tailor and the citizen factory-hand regard him as one of themselves; his manner invites exactly this attitude.

Pomp and circumstance have dwindled: the President's family inhabit no more than the ground floor of the Castle, leaving the sumptuous gilded furniture and the gorgeous plate of Maximilian and Diaz to the eyes of the solitary visitor; and there is no longer the tremendous gap between the luxury of the aristocrat and the misery of the peon. In fact, the worker is not to-day noticeably humble, the old ruling class is impoverished, and there has risen up, in addition to the New People of an enlarged bureaucracy, a middle class of native-born.

Formerly the occupations usually filled by a middle class were those of the resident foreigner — the banker, the constructive engineer, the builder of railways, hydroelectric enterprises, harbors and ports; the import and export merchant, the hotel and restaurant keeper, the shop-owner and the retail 'dry goods' and grocery shop keeper, were all chiefly foreign-born, and divided fairly clearly into occupational groups, between Spaniards, British, French, Americans, Italians, Germans, and Syrians. The wealthy landowning class of Mexico, the *hacendados*, gave sons now and again to the law, and less frequently to politics; as a rule, officialdom was left to a small clique.

Years of exile of the Old People, the

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overturn of society that has brought to the top a resurgence of Indianism, and the development of a new-rich element, some of whom owe their fine houses and motor-cars to petroleum and some to liquor-smuggling over the United States border, have created a society in Mexico that is less militaristic than might be expected after so prolonged a phase of revolutionary struggle. The lenity and tolerance of the present régime, while supported by a better drilled and equipped army than ever Diaz possessed, have gone far to heal wounds.

What has happened in Mexico since the overthrow of Diaz and his *cientificos* amounts to a social revolution. It is not merely a change of political parties, occasioned by a military conflict. Madero came in on a military uprising, on the swing of the pendulum, as any opponent of a too-prolonged control may come; but Madero attempted none of the social reforms promised, and, when his weakness invited another violent change, Victoriano Huerta would have restored the conditions of Diaz's day without much trouble. His downfall led to the real beginning of a new order, for the long-headed First Chief, Venustiano Carranza, promulgated the Constitution of 1917 over which controversy has raged for the last six years.

Clauses in this Constitution affecting foreign interests have already been robbed of their harshest characteristics by interpretations of the Supreme Court of Mexico; and certain others, as part of the Labor Law provisions, and points relating to ministers of religion, have been left in abeyance; but one thing is as certain as anything can be in Mexico — the Constitution will remain intact. The foreigner who sighs for the golden days of Diaz is wasting his time; they will not return. As a matter of fact, opinion has long acknowledged the fact that a change in the social structure was necessary, that the gulf between the classes was a menace which no one would care to face again, and that whatever extravagances have been committed, however faulty the operation of the new laws, the road that has been opened was not only right but inevitable.

Economically, how does Mexico stand to-day? In the teeth of a host of adverse circumstances, she stands extraordinarily well, thanks to the natural resources which endow her with almost miraculous powers of recovery, and to good fortune in their management. When General Obregón assumed office in 1921 the country was at the end of the run of luck which had until then sustained her from the depression overwhelming all the commercial world. Thanks to the daring stroke of President Carranza, in looting the gold and silver of twenty-nine banks, wiping out paper currencies with a stroke of the pen, prohibiting the export of the precious metals mined in Mexico, and minting a new metal currency, the Mexican unit of currency, the peso, stood, and stands, at an exchange value of two shillings — as high as in the palmy days of Diaz. Otherwise, Mexico faced bankruptcy. Floods of rubber from the East put Mexico's offer of ten thousand tons of guayule out of court; the bottom fell out of the market for henequen fibre; and the price of Mexico's metals fell below the cost of production.

In the nick of time the flow of petroleum soared to fantastic heights, and, with the yield of the incredible Cerro Azul-Toteco pools, was able to bear not only a tax upon production but an export duty. In 1922 the first-named tax yielded £5,800,000 to the Mexican national revenues, apart from the export duty bringing in another £2,800,000, earmarked for the service of the National Debt. Petroleum production

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appears to have passed its crest in Mexico, but it saved the day in the worst period, until other national resources had a chance of recovery. Thanks chiefly to oil, despite all her troubles Mexico has received during the last few years national revenues three times the size of the best Diaz period.

This revenue has been spent. A generous hand with the Department of Education — schools for the revival of Aztec art, for domestic science, kindergartens, night classes for adults — accounts for large sums. Big advances have been made to peasant farmers. The new Indianism has led to expenditure upon archæological work. An army of government employees has been added — 80 per cent of the male population of Mexico City, says one estimate, enjoy government berths. But there have been thirteen-year-old debts to pay, and reckonings to be dealt with covering a country of nearly 800,000 square miles and including fifteen or sixteen millions of people.

To-day, toward the close of President Obregón's third year of office, the horizon is clearer; crops promise well, mines have been reopened, public services are in good condition, roads and railways are being built, an arrangement has been made regarding the National Debt, and 27,000,000 out of the 30,000,000 pesos required for interest at the beginning of 1924 are already upon deposit in New York. Recognition by the United States, following the favorable report of the two Commissioners, and succeeded by similar action on the part of France and Belgium, satisfied Mexico's sense of justice; the announcement of August 31 heralded the invasion of Mexico by whole flocks of tourists and business men from States to the north of Mexico, and it is significant that Texas, so long presenting a prickly front to her neighbor, now woos her with a mouth of honey.

The United States plainly looked upon recognition as the prelude to commercial opportunity, and, if little tangible result is to be noted so far, the cause is twofold. First, no one knows just what were the terms made between the Mexican and the American Commissioners this summer; next, no one knows what the Presidential campaign in Mexico will bring forth.

In any State of the Mexican Union it is to-day possible for a group of farm hands dwelling upon, or villagers living near, a fruitful estate to demand that large areas of the property shall be severed from the possession of the owner and given, legally and permanently, to themselves. If the owner does not make the division requested, the petitioners may and do appeal to the local Agrarian Commission, which proceeds to the partition, and which will eventually hand to the owner, as compensation, not cash, but Agrarian Bonds of the Mexican Government. The face value of these bonds is equal to the ratable value of the lands expropriated, plus 10 per cent. The bonds are practically unsalable, and in many cases have not been received.

A certain degree of hardship to individuals, and serious if temporary checks to agriculture, have resulted from the operation of the clauses of the Constitution forming the new Land Laws, drawn up by Carranza, but first put into active operation in 1921. One meets frequently in Mexico with the native-born estate-owner — hacendado — and occasionally with the foreigner, who has cause of complaint; and sometimes with the man of property, such as a Yucateco of my acquaintance, who admits frankly that he does not miss the fields taken from his vast holdings. For, as in the case of every other problem in Mexico, there is another side to the question, presenting an aspect so different that the newcomer's hasty

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judgments, based upon exciting tales, are presently discarded. It is true that lands have been forcibly expropriated during the last few years; but it is also true that many haciendas were unwieldy, and were not infrequently held without either legality or equity.

As the outstanding example of size there was the Terrazas estate in the northerly State of Chihuahua, generally estimated at over seven million acres; a horseman could ride across this kingdom for months without seeing a village, mine, forest, pasture, orchard, or vineyard, maguey or corn field, herd or flock, river or hill, that did not belong to General Terrazas.

The Mexican Government decided that ten thousand square miles were more than one family could utilize, and, bearing in mind the dictum of Carranza that 'if the great bulk of Mexican land remains in great estates, and only 2 per cent in the hands of small farmers, the agricultural and labor problem will continue without solution,' proceeded to break up the Terrazas property. The owner was prohibited from completing negotiations for sale to an American company, six million acres were sequestrated, and an army of engineers and surveyors are at work measuring and recording, employed by a semiofficial organization which has taken the land over at a price of about 5*s*. an acre.

Estates ran large in the northerly zones. One Durango property covered more than a million acres, producing cattle, maize, and beans; two others count 600,000 and 400,000 acres respectively in the same State; San Luis Potosí shows some big figures too, including an American sugar-growing company's property of over one million acres, — properties worked as an 'industrial entity' are safe from confiscation, — and there is an American cattle company in Lower California recorded as owning three million acres. Farms of two or three hundred thousand acres are, or were, common, sizes dwindling as the thickly populated, more 'Indian,' belts of the south are reached. The State of Morelos was practically divided between sixteen hacendados.

Not all these owners possessed good titles; few paid adequate taxes — for example, a fine estate in Puebla yielding an annual income of 200,000 Mexican pesos paid eighteen pesos in taxes; and the tendency to squeeze out the peasant farmer undoubtedly increased in Diaz's day. Now, the native races in Mexico have been husbandmen from the dawn of their history, and whatever the advance made in manufacturing and in mining, however fast townships may accumulate population, the fact remains that at least ten millions of Mexico's population form village communities; if the native arts of pottery and weaving and cultivation of the soil, with their deep appeal to tradition, are taken from the 'Indian,' there is nothing to give him in exchange.

Native passion for the soil has been strengthened by the Spaniards' equal attachment, and the hacendado class developed in Mexico has formed a race apart, proud, patriarchal, extremely rich, remaining aloof from politics, as from practically every form of business. It is this section of the community which has suffered most severely during the revolutionary ten years, and the subsequent era of land expropriation. Following Mexicans themselves, a group of foreigners are affected. Of those presenting claims, Spaniards appear to represent about 70 per cent; Americans, some 20 per cent; British come third with perhaps 10 per cent of the foreign claims. But one is repeatedly told in Mexico that aggrieved landowners prefer to take their chance of coming to terms with the local Agrarian Committees charged with the work of land

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division, rather than to file a claim with their own diplomatic representatives. In some cases, also, the hacendado compromises when his estate is in danger.

Distribution of estates is still proceeding; in July it was announced that half a million hectares had been divided during one week.

As to the actual quantity of land divided, no complete figures are available. The Government recently made an attempt, following queries put by the American Commissioners, Messrs. Warren and Payne, concerning the amount owing to estate-owners, to determine the facts. Six hundred engineers were wanted, but only thirty-five found available and set to work in four States, to count and reckon acreages and values. A powerful association of estate-owners, the National Agricultural Association, some months ago estimated the land divided as about two and a half million acres, but this is probably far below the quantity taken from hacendados. Putting the total sequestrated at ten million acres, it appears as a small proportion of Mexico's five hundred million acres of land; but on the other hand this amount would represent about one fourth of the area usually estimated as cultivable, 8 per cent of the total.

It would be miraculous if such abrupt changes could be brought about without instances of scandal and mismanagement; there has not only been confusion, but the first result of the operation of the Agrarian Law was to put out of cultivation many of the estates which had survived the devastating effects of ten years of revolution. Herds and flocks melted before the raids of Villa and Zapata; you may see today in the ruined shells of great estate houses, of a succession of villages, the result of revolution in the once-splendid sugar regions near Cuernavaca, in the State of Morelos, and for a time the division of estates affected so seriously the farm production of Mexico that this great agricultural and pastoral country imported more than half the butter and eggs, the beans and maize and wheat flour and beef, that she needed for daily food.

But at this point the common sense, the elasticity, of Mexico came to the rescue. There is always, luckily, a leavening of patriots in the best sense of that overworked word, a leavening of straight thinkers, and there is a free and outspoken press. From some saving element sprang the National Coöperative Association, with headquarters in Mexico City and branches all over the country, whose work it is to group the new class of peasant farmers, organize them, induce them to guarantee the payment of bonds issued against consignments of modern machinery, of seeds and small-farm equipment, and assist them in marketing crops. Only 10 per cent of the new peasant farmers have so far joined the Coöperatives, but more of them are combining daily, and in their wise direction lies the salvation of agriculture in Mexico.

On August 2 a significant step was taken by President Obregón. A decree — *Decreto de Tierra Libre* — was issued, enunciating the principle that every Mexican over eighteen years of age has a right to national lands; a minimum of 125 hectares — about 300 acres — can be owned by the simple act of occupation and giving notice to the Government, care being taken not to trespass upon private property, common lands of villages, or land already occupied.

This decree seemed to herald the end of the era of expropriation, and, although questions immediately arose as to the location and extent of 'national' lands — probably not more than fifty

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to sixty million acres — and a discovery was presently made that a similar law promulgated by President Diaz was in effect, advantage was quickly taken of the new provisions, and within two months nearly 100,000 hectares had been allotted. Not the least of those who have benefited are Mexicans at present working in mining camps and factories of the United States to the number of over a million, who are to be aided by the State in their return to special colonies arranged for their repatriation.

At the base of all problems in Mexico is the social question — Labor, and Labor's relation to the rest of Mexican society. Broadly speaking, the laborer in field or factory or transport system is an 'Indian' — a member of one of the old native races. His employer is nearly always a white man and frequently a foreigner.

When Mexico, in the middle of last century, decided upon the Federal system of government she handed to the separate States of the Union the gift of autonomous power. The system may have saved trouble in the days when neither telegraphs nor railways existed; it certainly satisfied the perennially keen regional sense of the Mexican. To-day, in an era of social experiment, the Federal devolution of authority opens the way to such popular adventures as those of Vera Cruz, Puebla, and Yucatan, adventures creating more echoes than their purely local importance justifies.

Authorizing the labor and social codes of these three States, stands Article 123 of the Constitution of 1917. In addition to its own drastic clauses the Article proposes that each State shall develop a further set of laws for itself; and, while most of the States have regarded the invitation with a certain coyness, this trio have enthusiastically drafted and put into force codes which owe less to Russian than to I. W. W. and Karl Marxian inspiration. Ten years ago the worker of Mexico was practically without efficient labor unions, and the strike was unknown. To-day, not only in the three experimenting States, where every idea, as well as every trade, has its *sindicato*, — the won't-pay-renters of Vera Cruz are syndicated, for example, — but throughout the whole Republic such strong groups as the 40,000 railway workers are organized, and in the first eight months of this year Mexican towns had endured ninety-seven strikes.

Not all the clauses of Article 123 have been put into effect. But should they be enforced the employer will have conceded not only the eight-hour day, with six working days a week; payment at the rate of 100 per cent for overtime, with overtime of not more than three hours, continued for not more than three days; payment of all wages in legal currency, and not in kind or tokens; payment of three months' wages to employees dismissed 'without proper cause,' the union judging the propriety of the cause; and a liberal accident liability; but he will also be obliged to comply with the clause that suggests that 'in every agricultural, industrial, mining, or other class of work employers are bound to furnish workmen with comfortable and sanitary dwellings.'

The rent of these dwellings is to be half of one per cent per month of the assessed value of the properties; there are to be established schools and dispensaries; and if the population exceeds 200 there is to be a space of a minimum of 5000 square metres for public markets and recreation grounds. No saloons or gambling-houses are to be allowed.

It is fair to the foreign employer to say that most of these ideas were carried out in the great segregated fields of

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employment long before the law came into existence.

The right to form unions is given by the Constitution; so also is the employer's right to a lockout. But — here is the fly in the ointment — every strike is legal unless over 50 per cent of the strikers are proved to commit acts of violence, while lockouts are only legal 'when excess of production renders shutting down necessary in order to maintain prices above the cost of production.' It is unnecessary to emphasize the difficulty of counting the exact number of men who commit violent acts during a strike; or the fact that the owner of a factory finds himself obliged to make some show of continuing work under the most difficult circumstances rather than to run the risk of confiscation because he is unable to prove the needed reason for closing down for a time.

Nor is this the limit of the employer's troubles. If he employs women he finds that a prospective mother must have three months' leave of absence on full wages before the birth of her child, and that she must have one month's rest and pay afterward; that she may bring the child to the factory and receive two rests per day in order to care for it.

In all these provisions, however surprising in a Constitution, no one denies a basis of good sense. The right of the worker to protection is undisputed. But certain clauses did not suit Mr. Henry Ford, when he recently contemplated the establishment of a vast motor-car factory at Saltillo. He discovered that he could not discharge unsatisfactory workmen without falling foul of the three months' wages proviso, and he cancelled his plans forthwith.

Public opinion in Mexico is generally against the extreme application of the labor clauses, but there is no doubt that employers have been seriously harassed by the spokesmen of the 'Reds,' who find the docile Indian a ready absorber of exotic doctrines. Members of extreme labor organizations of the United States found berths in the Education Department in Mexico until recently, and the official of another is credited with the formulation of Puebla's 'Strangle Law,' by which the employer is bound to allow workmen to decide the division of profits and the employment of such profits after the workers' percentage has been detached.

The example of Vera Cruz is most advertised, because it is visible to the eye of the visitor every time a ship arrives in that unhappy port. Vera Cruz is well equipped, owns a good tramway and lighting system, adequate docks, and clean and well-paved streets. But the quarrels between the Maritime League and the railway-terminal workers, with the electricians and tramway employees taking a hand at intervals, aided by the 25,000 people, headed by the famous Heron Proal, who have paid no rent for nearly two years, drive away shipping to Tampico.

The writer saw Vera Cruz in the throes of the general strike of September — there has been another since — when there was neither meat nor bread, milk nor butter, nor ice, nor fresh fruit, nor vegetables; we ate scanty meals of dry biscuits and fish behind barred doors, while the strikers guarded the shuttered and silent streets and beat the cooks who tried to buy food at the public market. The strike was broken by one man who, with a revolver, walked to the ice factory and took his purchase away with determination and calm; and I have no hesitation in saying that six London policemen, with a good fire-hose, could end any strike in Vera Cruz in a couple of hours.

Of wider interest is the case of Yucatan, that curious limestone promontory which forms another world from the rest of Mexico, with its ancient

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Mayan stock, its age-old customs and culture. Yucatan has never thought what the other States of Mexico thought; it has no connection but by sea, through Progreso, and it has developed its group of rich hacendados upon one product only, the unequaled fibre called henequen.

The present Governor is General Felipe Carrillo Puerto, a delightful personality and great gallant, who is making Mérida, the pretty, sun-drenched capital of Yucatan, a Mecca for ill-mated spouses. Yucatan, among its various social and labor experiments, has established a new divorce law. The only cause necessary for the breaking of the marriage tie is the applicant's wish for a divorce; nothing else is required — not even proof that a marriage has taken place. In most cases, and, I believe, invariably in the case of women, the applicant must stay for thirty days in Mérida; but in a case personally known to me the applicant, a foreigner, was able to arrange most of the legal formalities while in Mexico City, and visited Mérida for one day. The divorce was held good in the United States, where the divorcé immediately remarried; but it does not free parties from their civil obligations. That is, a man who obtains a Yucatan divorce cannot escape making provision for his family; but this is the subject of amicable arrangement or a subsequent legal action.

The big investor and big constructor in Mexico is the Briton, and he is now run a close second by the North American. With interests grouped in order of importance, the British lead in investments in Mexican railways, in government bonds, in hydroelectric enterprises, in manufacturing, and in banking; the United States citizen has larger interests than the British in mining and smelting, oil fields, stores, and farms and fruit lands, especially in the north and west. A careful revision of these interests appears to show that the British investment in Mexico totals about $750,000,000, while that of the United States is about $650,000,000. Errors in these calculations may be due to new capitalization of British light and power companies and American increases in petroleum investment.

It is well to remember that while the Mexican of to-day represents a true racial type, the admixture of Spanish blood is but four centuries old. Six or seven millions, nearly half of the population, are still reckoned as pure-blood folk of the ancient races; beside these live five or six millions of mixed Spanish and Indian blood and perhaps three millions of Spanish descent. There was a thin stream of Oriental people in colonial times, induced by the regular trade of Spain with the Philippines, with Mexico as a halfway house; and in the same days there was an introduction of Africans, in the lowland sugar belts. But the absorbent power of the country, the eternal spring of life from within that is Mexico's great asset, operates inevitably in the creation and retention of the basic national type.

The foreigner from the modern industrial world, with no ulterior motive, sympathetic, bringing skill and the use of money with him, able to open the huge storehouses of natural wealth, is welcome; and, if Mexico cannot do without this class of foreigner, it is equally true that this class of foreigner cannot do without Mexico.

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THE LEAGUE AND M. LAUZANNE

BY H. WILSON HARRIS

[*This reply to M. Lauzanne's article, entitled 'The League of Nations: World Court or World Club?' published in the* Living Age *of December 8, deserves attention because of its specific refutation of certain statements made by the editor of* Le Matin. *It will be recalled that the latter's article originally appeared in the* English Review *of November.*]

From the *English Review, December*
(London Conservative Monthly)

In his interesting article on the League of Nations, M. Stéphane Lauzanne, who mentions that he was an eyewitness of the scene, describes how at a certain sitting of the League Council on the Italian-Greek dispute 'a shudder passed through the galleries,' and sundry other equally impressive phenomena were observed. Though I, like M. Lauzanne, was present on the occasion of which he writes, I must confess at once that what happened in the galleries escaped my notice altogether, a lack of perception I can only ascribe to the fact that neither the room in which the Council met on the day in question, nor any other in which it discussed the Greco-Italian affair, possesses any galleries at all. That is a trifle in itself, but it serves at least to suggest that M. Lauzanne is a somewhat fallible authority in matters pertaining to the League of Nations. And so a further examination of his article abundantly proves.

As to his general question, whether the League is a World Club or a World Court, not much need be said. As a matter of fact, it is neither. It is not a court, but it has for that very reason created a court, the Permanent Court of International Justice, which, though M. Lauzanne makes no single mention of it in his article, except to include its cost in a statement of what he considers the excessive expenditure of the League, has in less than two years of existence given judgments in cases between Great Britain and France, between the Allies and Germany, between Germany and Poland, and in two matters of treaty interpretation submitted at the request of M. Lauzanne's own Government. As to the League being merely a club, where members get to know one another and go away happy, a mere club does not settle differences, as the League of Nations constantly has, between angry disputants; or administer territory, as the League does in the Saar and Danzig; or fight plague and relieve distress; or rescue a country like Austria from bankruptcy and disintegration and set its feet on the highroad to prosperity.

The League, as its French name indicates better than its English, is what it professes to be, a Society of Nations coöperating by treaty for certain limited purposes, and so far achieving those purposes with a measure of success which, given the conditions prevailing in the world to-day, no level-headed critic will find disappointing.

But these, after all, are of the nature of generalities. M. Lauzanne, wisely from one point of view, though with doubtful wisdom so far as his credit as a recorder of fact is concerned, discusses a number of specific questions handled

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ably or ineptly by the League. 'In four cases,' he says, 'the League has been called upon to act on serious divergences between members.' Why mention only four? There have been at least six falling into this category, and it is a little unfortunate that the two M. Lauzanne omits — the dispute between Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands in 1920 and that between Yugoslavia and Albania at the end of 1921 — happen to be the two in which beyond all others the League's success as mediator has been most complete and most universally acknowledged.

But let that be. What are the cases M. Lauzanne selects as basis for his adverse verdict on the League? The first is the complaint of Bolivia against Chile in 1921, a complaint, as M. Lauzanne accurately states, based on a treaty imposed on the former country by the latter after a war that ended in 1883 — some thirty-odd years before the League was ever thought of. In spite of the lapse of time, Bolivia called on the Assembly of the League in 1921 to bring her relief, a course which M. Lauzanne apparently thinks should have been taken, since he quotes textually Article XIX of the Covenant, which provides that 'the League may from time to time invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable.'

The permissive nature of that clause needs no demonstration. If it is open to the League to advise revision of a treaty, it is equally open to it to decline to give such advice. It so declined in the case in question — very wisely, as everyone except Bolivia and M. Lauzanne has always recognized. But when M. Lauzanne proceeds to add that 'the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been careful about formulating an opinion, and for the past two years Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply,' he leaves facts far behind. One aspect of the question was, indeed, referred to a Commission, but that Commission reported within three weeks, and the whole question was cleared up before the Assembly rose.

We come next to Upper Silesia. Here, indeed, M. Lauzanne is constrained to admit the League's success in defining the frontier between Germany and Poland in that disputed province, after the Supreme Council had labored at the task in vain; but he endeavors to explain away this untoward evidence of apparent efficiency by the comment that any other arbiter, such as the Pope of Rome or the Supreme Court of America, could have settled it just as easily.

Here M. Lauzanne understates his own case. If, as he seems to suggest, it was merely a matter of drawing a line down the map, there was no need to go either to Rome or to Washington. A convenient imbecile from the nearest asylum could have done what was necessary. The achievement of the League was that, in addition to drawing the frontier as nearly as possible in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty, it framed an elaborate political and economic statute to safeguard the industrial unity of the area, thus, to quote from a recent book by the then *Times* correspondent in Upper Silesia, 'erecting the demarcation line into a line of union rather than of division.'

Oddly enough, when M. Lauzanne suggests that the Conference of Ambassadors settled the Vilna question after the League had failed, he observes that 'all the merit for this goes to the Conference of Ambassadors.' When the League settled the Upper Silesia question after the Supreme Council had

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failed, his comment is that, after all, anyone could have done it.

But what about the Vilna problem, in regard to which M. Lauzanne finds the attitude of the League ridiculous? The trouble arose through the omission of the Peace Conference, and its successors the Supreme Council and the Conference of Ambassadors, to fix Poland's eastern frontiers, a circumstance which left it open to both that country and Lithuania to lay claim to Vilna. The two countries were actually fighting when Poland decided to appeal to the League. From that moment the fighting stopped.

The League did not succeed in settling the dispute, but M. Lauzanne completely misconceives the situation when he says that M. Paul Hymans, acting for the League, 'rendered three successive judgments, none of which has been executed.' M. Hymans rendered no judgments, for the good reason that, as has been said already, the League is not a court. What the editor of *Le Matin* mistakes for judgments were infinitely patient attempts to secure an agreement by consent. The final plan had the unanimous support of the Council of the League, and if either of the disputants had accepted it pressure could have been brought to bear on the other to acquiesce. As it pleased neither of them, the matter had to be left, for the League is not, as M. Lauzanne in his closing paragraph misdescribes it, a super-State, imposing its will at random outside the limits of the Covenant.

Finally, we come to the Italo-Greek affair, which has been argued to and fro far too recently to make it legitimate to traverse that well-worn ground again. But when M. Lauzanne says of the League's action in this case that 'it failed to conciliate the pleaders and was forced to place them in the hands of the Ambassadors in Paris,' he once more reveals a surprising ignorance of the facts. What hampered the League almost fatally in dealing with this dispute was that the matter was being handled, and properly handled, by the Ambassadors before it ever came to Geneva at all. As things were, the League mobilized the public opinion of Europe to a remarkable degree and itself formulated a thoroughly sound scheme of settlement which the Ambassadors in the first instance adopted practically as it stood. That those eminent persons subsequently changed their minds and imposed on Greece a penalty against which the conscience of this country at least has revolted was, fortunately, a matter regarding which the League had no concern and bore no shred of responsibility.

One last citation from M. Lauzanne. He refers to the Greco-Turkish conflict in 1921–22. 'What,' he asks, 'did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And when one goes through the records of the discussions of the World's Assembly one sees with stupefaction that the only sensational initiative that the League of Nations thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!'

That may be fine writing. But what are the dull, prosaic facts? Not once, indeed, but many times oftener than once, in September 1922, did debates arise — I was present myself — in the Assembly and its Political Commission on the Near Eastern situation, and a resolution was unanimously carried calling on the League Council to take its own steps to effect a settlement if the negotiations then impending between the Allies and Turkey were not successful, as they ultimately were. What, beyond that, did the League do? It then and there raised a fund, sub-

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scribed by Governments members of the League, — France, M. Lauzanne will be distressed to learn, did not contribute, — for the relief of the refugees pouring westward into Europe by the hundred thousand, and sent Dr. Nansen out to administer the money so provided. The ultimate fruit of that action is the comprehensive Refugee Settlement scheme approved by the League Council as lately as the end of last September.

No one who cares for the League will desire to see instructed criticism of it restricted. Such criticism is the most salutary of tonics. But, since all the facts are readily available in published documents, it is perhaps permissible to suggest that before a journalist of M. Lauzanne's distinction commits himself to sweeping judgment on the League of Nations, or any other institution, he should verify at least a reasonable proportion of his references.

1898 — A RETROSPECT

BY MANUEL AZANA

[*An impression prevails both in Spain and abroad that a renaissance is dawning in that country after her slow convalescence from the shock she suffered in 1898. The following article is an interesting contribution to the literature of this subject, and incidentally illustrates phases of war psychology of enduring significance.*]

From *España, November* 17
(MADRID INDEPENDENT LIBERAL WEEKLY)

A CENOTAPH has been dedicated at Cartagena in memory of the victims of the battles of Cavite and Santiago, because much blood was shed and many unhappy Spaniards died on those occasions, but not because they were truly mighty conflicts. It would have needed a Spanish force powerful enough to equalize the chances of a clash of arms to make these events real combats.

No nation ever entered a war with as little hope of victory as we did the war with the United States. Even the most optimistic faced it with no better watchword than *Quien sabe?* And surely national punctiliousness, vainglory, pride, and kindred passions, unchastened by the prudent commonsense of an enlightened people, were never exploited more iniquitously than they were by the magnates of Spain, to whom it fell to choose between peace and war.

War was not necessary to ensure our loss of Cuba. It was powerless to preserve our dominion there. It was useless, and from the military point of view, absurd. Political follies, concerning which the last word has not yet been said, caused our colonial history to end with a climax more grandiose and dramatic than a diplomatic parley. Having reaped a harvest of inevitable defeats, the Government was able to sign peace with dignity. It lost what it never thought to lose, but national honor was saved, and the sacrifice due

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to our grand tradition was made. This explains conduct otherwise inexplicable.

The memorial ceremony at Cartagena revives keen sympathy for those who suffered on the last battlefields of that war, and in the previous campaigns. Our troops manifested the spirit of obedience and resignation that Silvela extolled in his great discourse of May 31, 1899: 'Our people contributed to these disasters only by their sacrifices, their submission to authority, their readiness to serve their country wherever their Government bade them, for causes and for dominions that stirred no enthusiasm in their hearts.'

A quarter of a century has passed: and the Ambassador of the nation that was our enemy comes to deposit wreaths on the cenotaph of our dead. His act is significant. Our great quixotism, as it was called, was never popular, and happily left no lasting rancor behind. The past was buried; Spain turned her back upon it and refused to nurse hatred for her recent foe. Don Quixote did not hate the windmill whose whirling vanes hurled him prostrate to the ground. To Spaniards the United States seemed in some vague way an instrument of fate. They knew full well that their real enemies dwelt within their own threshold, though they did not even deign to point the finger of scorn at them. What Spain longed for more than aught else was peace, repose. The public mind almost welcomed misfortunes, feeling that they were scourges in the hands of Providence, to recall them to their duty.

Of all the powerful emotions that then stirred the spirit of the people to the depths, only a mournful memory survives, freshened to-day by the graceful tribute of the American Ambassador, in laying flowers upon the cenotaph to those whom his fellow countrymen slaughtered. Bitter is the brevity of victory, the vanity of glory, the transitoriness of power. But what shall we call the brevity and the vanity of suffering and even of sacrifice unto death!

Since we are called upon to revive these memories, let us revive them in all their fullness. First of all, the roar and the howling of the tempest of factitious passion that enwrapped us. I select a few memoranda from my old papers. Under a photograph clipped from a newspaper of April 1898, this legend is printed: 'The cigarette girls of Madrid, rushing warm and dishevelled from their work, hoarse with cheering Spain, the army, and the navy, and waving a magnificent banner, produced a truly marvelous and moving effect. In these noble and valiant daughters of the people we recognize the blood of the heroines of the Second of May.'

A great morning paper wrote in January 1898: 'It is difficult to preserve and guarantee our legitimate title to Cuba, but it is more difficult to abandon it. A nation does not lose in a couple of years what it has possessed for four centuries. Never, though she might wish it, — but she will never, never wish it, — can Spain leave Cuba as she left Santo Domingo. There we stand and there we shall stand to the bitter end.' And in the same paper, over the signature of one of our greatest editors: 'To be willing, under any circumstances, to abandon the island, as we have no right to do, would be most abominable treason to the country. That is something impossible; that is something that will never happen. Against such an act the whole nation would rise as one man — all Spain would spring to arms. We should witness again one of the grandest epopees of our history. . . . There is no human power that can tear us from Cuba. Our very disasters proclaim that more forcibly, if possible, than our triumphs.

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This was the argument. Let us now see the strategy. A popular review declared: 'If hostilities should break out between our country and the so-called "Great Republic," it is certain that the tiny torpedo-boats and destroyers now on the way to Cuba would cause incalculable losses to the enemy's squadron. . . . Very wisely, the torpedo-boats and destroyers under the command of gallant Villaamil have so far hugged their harbor in the Archipelago. Now let these little war-vessels, so feared by the Yankees, be supported on the high seas by our great cruisers. Dispatch the latter in all haste to Cuba, and hurl defiance in the teeth of our enemy.'

Let us pass to insults. A picture appeared in a great illustrated review of February 19, 1898, over the legend, 'A Telling Retort.' It represented a hog standing on his hind legs, wearing tall boots and a shining silk hat, offering a bouquet to a buxom country girl and saying: 'Long life to you, Incarnate Patriotism!' The girl replies: 'Only he who does not know you listens to you.' In its issue of April 8, the same journal published a picture of the Spanish Premier, surrounded by this legend: 'How can two nations as different as the Yankees and the Spaniards understand each other? We are slaves of honor, to which we sacrifice all. They are slaves of gold, whose greed is unbounded, who are blind to the first elements of honor in their policy of grab and gain.' Around a portrait of our Naval Minister, the preparations that Spain was making 'for our honor' were contrasted 'with the infernal clamor that the Yankees raise over the ridiculous naval preparations of their Government. Their cruisers and battleships are shifted hither and thither like beflustered marshals shepherding a disorderly procession. They are shoveling out their dollars by the bucketful, buying unseaworthy ships and craft of every kind. Their Naval Minister has ordered his warships painted black. All this, and especially their unblushing advertising at so much a line, may impose on school-children, but will only disgust sensible nations. Comparing navy with navy, ours is smaller and has less gun power; but, comparing sailors with sailors, we tower head and shoulders above them.'

And the North American Senate? 'We have long known the moral measure of these gentry. . . . Orators whose sonorous periods are mainly inspired by undue potations.' And American officers? Under one picture was this legend: 'The American Commander-in-Chief, Nelson Miles, surrounded by his artillery and engineer officers. The *Generalissimo* and his associates look like good-natured, self-indulgent civilians. This lack of military bearing, of the army spirit, is a fatal handicap for this powerful nation, which, in spite of its vast material wealth, is destined to cut a poor figure in the coming war, because its soldiers are militia, its sailors civilians, its generals business men.'

The monument at Cartagena will not be finished until some such anthology as this is engraved on its pedestal. That will tell what the dumb stones themselves can never say.

Nevertheless, confusion worse confounded, wordy clamor, blundering inexperience were not universal in 1898. Some men resisted the general madness and appealed to common-sense and reason. They asserted worthily the independence of their convictions. Thanks to them, we may say that the mind of Spain was not entirely clouded, even though they naturally could not control the course of events. When the war fever in the press was at its boiling point, Don Miguel Unamuno wrote: 'The Spanish people have never felt the same enthusiasm for this war that

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they felt for the campaign against the infidel Moors. They have never hated "Yankee pork-packers" the way they hated the Germans at the time of the Caroline dispute. In the depths of the public heart, which are not reflected in our organs of opinion, lurks a profound consciousness of our national error, and distrust of the righteousness of our cause. We hear everywhere, in intimate social gatherings, in café conversations, in domestic circles, that the insurrection in Cuba was more than justified. Does this statement strengthen the insurgents? Gallant simpletons that we are! It is by concealing the truth that we have weakened our cause, a cause never popular in Europe; although we try to deny it, obeying our national habit — only too faithfully reflected in our Government — of falsehood and reckless deceit.'

If Don Miguel had possessed the fame and authority then that he possesses now, the harebrained hatred of the public would have crushed him, as it did Don Francisco Pi y Margall, whom clamorous monopolizers of patriotism stigmatized as 'filibuster, traitor, renegade Spaniard.' But that doughty champion of truth was undaunted by fear of unpopularity. On the eve of the war he boldly declared: 'Lose the island of Cuba! Why a disgrace! It is not shameful to make terms while our strength is still unshaken. It is shameful to sue for peace after defeats like that of Ayacucho, which placed us at the mercy of the victors. Cuba has the right to freedom. No title to conquered nations ever becomes valid, even by the prescription of centuries. I advocate Cuban independence. I advise it — both as right and as necessary for the salvation of our country.'

These men, and a few others of their kind, did not need the lesson of our defeat to learn Spain's condition. A few have appeared in every generation to carry on the long but tenuous line of Spanish dissenters, who have cried unheard in the wilderness from the days of our imperial splendor. All resigned themselves to obscurity. The novelty in 1898 from the social point of view, and as a measure of our growing national enlightenment, was that Unamuno did not recite his monologue in solitude nor whisper it to a little chorus of adepts. This Spaniard has the largest audience of any spokesman of our race, either at home or abroad, although he is a nonconformist — and it is the first time in our history that this has happened.

A noteworthy characteristic of the emotional reaction that followed our disaster was its note of disillusionment, of shocked self-recognition. Might it prove true, after all, that we were not the first nation in the world? Imagine for yourselves the pang this brought to many a young soul. Strictly speaking, our school system was responsible for the shock of this disenchantment. Our boys and girls had been taught such a limited circle of ideas that they had never really learned geography, history, or even the rudiments of the art of expressing clearly their own convictions. The generation that was to be the spokesman of our national humiliation was untrained: emotionally untrained, for its members were young; intellectually untrained, for they were Spaniards.

We should not overlook this inexperience. It was typical. We Spaniards have never taken the trouble even to know well our own past. We have trusted entirely to our personal inspiration. Therefore Spanish culture is discontinuous, disconnected. Each generation disappears in its turn into the abyss of oblivion. All those who follow lose precious time learning laboriously from their own experience the things they should know by inheritance. We Spaniards receive no wisdom from our

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fathers. Each learns that fire burns by putting his own hands against the stove. This is primitive, a little barbarous, and also tedious, for the most elementary truths must be taught over and over again to each successive generation. As a result, we turn to our old men for wisdom. They have seen so much. Their experience takes the place of books; their empirics take the place of reason. It is a great pity, for old men have generally lost whatever talent, energy, and disinterestedness they ever possessed. They are stay-at-home satirists, not adventurous pioneers.

Among the older men of 1898, who had seen so much that even our disaster left them cold, was Don Juan Valera. He is not a man I admire from either the moral or the literary standpoint. But his testimony is valuable, because it shows how our afflictions impressed the minds of a generation already in its death throes. Valera counseled common-sense. He surveyed the course of the war in Cuba, and wrote: 'Hitherto fortune has not been propitious to our generals, when we consider the magnitude of the resources that the people and the Government have put at their disposal; but Spain cannot censure them. Rather she should praise and bless them, because they have not despaired of the safety of the fatherland.' And when hostilities with the United States were imminent, he commented: 'What are we to do? Breast the stream. There is no ill wind that does not blow good. I was about to say that we shall gain in any case. If we are beaten we shall lose Cuba at once, without wearying ourselves for two or three years more pursuing our elusive enemies. If we win — and anything is possible with Heaven's favor — we shall have taught the Yankees a good lesson, humbling their pride, which is their principal vice.'

And when the war was over, Valera still preserved his imperturbable good humor: 'We must resign ourselves; there is no other remedy. What good will come from recrimination? Let us admit that blunders have been committed for which we have been punished by our defeat. But the blameworthy were, and are, so numerous that prudence bids us give, not absolution, but amnesty. We must forget the past as we forget a bad dream, and begin a new life. To say here what that life should be exceeds my ability, as it does, I believe, that of no small number who have presumed to declare themselves the regenerators of their fatherland, and have delivered lectures and written books upon the subject.'

Valera imagined that what the sick country needed most was repose. And in the preface to his *Morsamor* he declared that he proposed henceforth to play the pipes of peace, as Don Quixote, when vanquished, decided to become a shepherd.

The greater part of Spain took the same communion as senile and sardonic Don Juan Valera.

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THE LEGEND OF THE KHANTUTAS

BY ANTONIO DIAZ VILLAMIL

[*This story is from a collection of Bolivian tales entitled* Khantutas, *published by the Librería Renacimiento La Paz,* 1922.]

'SHE 's in my way. Give me something to get rid of her.'

'I should like to serve you, Khjosi Naira, but — Your sister is such a dear, I would not harm her.'

'If you refuse I 'll take these *llijllas*, these mantles and jewels I brought for you, to some other witch.'

The eyes of old Laykha Huarmi glittered greedily, and a grimace of anxiety traced new patterns in the parchment wrinkles of her face.

'I 'll double the gift if you will free me from my rival for the heart of the Chief's son,' continued Khjosi Naira, as she unfolded the fine fabric and made the jewels sparkle in the light.

The old woman, dazzled by the richness of the offering, stretched out her harpy hands, trembling with eagerness.

'You agree?'

'Yes, yes. As you will,' croaked Laykha Huarmi, with a satanic smile, clutching the fine fabric in her clawlike fingers as token of possession.

'Good. Give me the potion now. I want her to die to-day.'

'No, no! We must n't kill her.'

'Then how will you free me from Khantuta?'

The old woman reflected a few minutes, rolling her dim and rheumy eyes, then said: 'I can change her into some dumb creature.'

At sunset Khjosi Naira hastened down the mountain gorge, after arranging with the ugly witchwoman to accomplish her evil plan. Khjosi Naira was young and beautiful, but a diabolical expression flitted across her countenance, the mirror of her satanic thoughts, as the last rays of the declining sun fell upon it. Her eyes, ordinarily soft and gentle, flashed with fierce, fatal malice.

She stopped suddenly, for her ear caught the sweet, melancholy notes of a distant flute. Oh, that flute! She knew it all too well.

'Of course,' she reflected, 'it is Suma Chuyma's flute. He is waiting for my sister.' Filled with this thought, she hastened her steps in the direction of the sound.

Suma Chuyma, seeing her in the distance, shouted the usual greeting: 'May Pachacamac guard you, Khjosi Naira.'

'And grant you every favor,' the girl answered, with a glance of infatuation at the youth. Khjosi Naira's speaking eyes might well capture any young man's heart, but Suma Chuyma's whole soul was already filled with love for Khantuta. In some surprise he asked: 'Why are you out alone in this wild country?'

'I come,' replied the girl bitterly, 'because I am unhappy. The man I adore loves another.'

'But, Khjosi Naira, you could have not one but many suitors if you were not so cold and proud.'

'I shall always be cold and proud to other men.'

Suma Chuyma, disinclined to continue the dialogue, began to play again upon his flute a serene and melodious

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harmony that sounded like a hymn to fidelity. Standing thus, his gaze lost on the horizon, where the stars were just beginning to appear, with the breeze blowing back his luxuriant black hair in disorder from his noble brow, he made a striking picture. The girl gazed at him a moment in admiration, and then interrupted his playing impetuously: 'Let us climb yonder crag where we can see the moon rise over the lake.'

Suma Chuyma, knowing there was no moon that night, replied with teasing irony: 'Moon? You must have forgotten the calendar.'

With this they separated, going their several ways.

'You 'll be back soon, won't you?'

'No fear of lingering unnecessarily,' answered Suma Chuyma, giving Khantuta a last passionate embrace. 'You know I am never happy away from you.'

'Then why separate now?'

'I must obey my father this time. He is too old now to go personally to gather the tribute that the subjects of the *Ayllus* owe us. Were it not for that I should never leave your side.'

'Suma Chuyma, do your father's bidding, but come back soon.'

'Yes, soon. Then we can build our own cottage and be happy with my father's blessing. The old *Curaca* will bless us then.'

During the absence of Suma Chuyma, which lasted scarcely seven moons, many important things happened in the country. Khantuta, the betrothed of the Curaca's son, disappeared mysteriously, without leaving a trace behind her. Suma Chuyma's father, the Curaca, died ripe in years, bequeathing his office and his estate to his absent son. When the latter returned to assume the duties of his new position, the Council of Elders met him and informed him that, in accordance with the usages of the people, he must marry before he could assume the robes of office. Suma Chuyma delayed, however, searching in vain through the whole land for Khantuta. No one had seen her, or could suggest where she was. So bitter was his grief that he wished to abdicate his rights and spend his life mourning for his lost betrothed. But this was not permitted. The Council of Elders and all the warriors of the tribe insisted that Suma Chuyma should obey the last wish of the deceased Curaca. For a time Suma Chuyma resisted their importunities, but one day a committee of the Elders appeared before him and addressed him as follows: —

'Our Lord, it is time to conquer your grief. No matter how deep and justified it may be, you must not become the tomb of your line. You must marry and assume the office that belongs to you by inheritance. Our lives and our liberty are at stake. The neighboring tribes, seeing us without a Chief, prepare to attack us. Your duty as Curaca transcends your duty as a man.'

Suma Chuyma yielded to this reasoning, and three days later Khjosi Naira was proclaimed *Curaquesa* amid the ovations and enthusiastic plaudits of his subjects. Her dream was fulfilled. The witch's charm had worked well indeed!

The roomy and well-constructed house of the Curaca nestled in a fold of the mountains overlooking the lake. Here the stern and imposing Andean landscape moulds the soul of its people into its own severe and moody image. At the door of the house, gazing across the legend-haunted waters that seemed to kiss the skirts of the snowclad summits in the distance, Khjosi Naira sat

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atching the sunset. At her side was her husband, whom her devotion had made a tender and affectionate companion.

'You have some secret grief, Khjosi Naira. What do you want?'

'Nothing, my beloved. If there were anything, it would be to hear the notes of your flute mingling with the enchantment of the evening.'

Thereupon the Curaca interwove his melodies with the purple harmonies of the spreading dusk, and all the countryside seemed to thrill in response. The melodious notes of his flute, now kissing the waves of the lake, now floating up the gentle contours of the neighboring heights, seemed to wed the soul of nature to the soul of his race.

Suddenly, however, the echoing cadences were broken by the beating of wings. A gentle *huaycho*, with glistening plumage and expressive eyes, alighted a few steps from his feet, as if fascinated by the tender melody.

'Khjosi Naira,' exclaimed the Curaca, interrupting his playing, 'does n't it seem to you that the eyes of this bird resemble those of someone we have known?'

'I don't understand you,' she answered, but as her glance met the glance of the bird her eyes glowed with a hard, uncanny light.

The huaycho, after staring at the Curaquesa with a strange, haughty dignity, turned its eyes toward Suma Chuyma, and something so deep, so passionate, flashed from them that one would have said it was a look of combined reproach and love.

'Don't the eyes of that creature make you think of Khantuta?' inquired the young chief, with more insistence, for the bird's gaze seemed to pierce his very heart.

'A foolish fancy. Look into my eyes, and forget all others,' and she drew near and threw her arms about him. Thereupon the bird, as if irritated at this display of love, took flight and vanished, with a plaintive cry, into the deepening dusk.

Late that evening Khjosi Naira presented herself at the door of the cabin of the old witch. 'Into what kind of creature did you bewitch my sister?'

'Into a huaycho.'

'Why did n't you choose some ugly, repulsive animal?'

'My evil spirits would not let me.'

Again evening breathed its melancholy enchantment over the Aimara landscape. The Curaca and his wife sat quietly, as was their daily custom, at the door of their house. Now and then a bird would pass between them and the opal sky, hastening to its nest. The Curaquesa was conscious of keen disquietude, which increased every time her intent ears caught the sound of beating wings breaking the sunset silence.

'You seem preoccupied to-night, Khjosi Naira. Are you tiring of my society?'

'No, I am as happy as ever; but I have two favors to ask this evening.'

'Speak!'

'First, play on your flute the piece — do you remember? — you were playing that evening when you refused to go and look at the lake with me in the moonlight.'

'I see no special point in that. But if you wish it.'

'Good. I will ask the other favor later.'

Again the flute, with its plaintive, amorous modulations, broke the evening quiet. Almost immediately the sound of beating wings was heard, and again the huaycho alighted near them.

'That 's enough,' interrupted Khjosi

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Naira, with some agitation. 'Now I want the wings of that bird.'

'Have n't you already the handsomest plumage and jewels and shells the country affords? Why do you want these gray wings?'

'If you love me, kill that bird and give me its wings.'

'I had rather give you something better worth the trouble.'

'No, I want those wings.'

The sling whirled, the pebble whistled through the air, and the unhappy bird fell with a deep wound in its breast. It fluttered a moment in its blood; then, seeing Khjosi Naira approach to seize it, made a supreme effort and, in spite of a broken wing, succeeded in taking refuge in a neighboring thicket.

The Curaquesa, balked in her cruel intent, urged her husband to chase the bird, calling: 'Catch it! Catch it!'

The wounded creature fled as best it could, making short flights from limb to limb and tree to tree up the mountain-side, leaving on every twig and branch it passed drops of red blood.

Suma Chuyma ran after his victim, but felt a pang of pity and was conscious of a vague presentiment that he had destroyed his happiness forever. Feeling instinctively that he had done wrong, he halted. 'Catch it! Catch it!' his wife shouted behind him, and at her eager bidding he resumed the chase.

The huaycho, summoning its last energy, tried to escape, falling and rising again, hopping from one limb to another, eluding by a hand's breadth its pursuer. And on every tree and every limb it left drops of red blood.

Suma Chuyma, overwhelmed with pity, stopped a second time; but his wife called, almost at his heels, 'Catch it! Catch it!' and he resumed the chase.

The unhappy huaycho, realizing that its last strength was deserting it, and seeking some refuge in its despair, detected a near-by hut. With a last desperate flutter it gained the open door. Inside Laykha Huarmi was preparing her magic potions. The dying bird, panting and bleeding, fell at her feet.

The old woman picked it up with her harpy hand. At her touch it seemed to receive new life and, opening its pain-stricken eyes, cast at her an imploring glance.

This strange appealing look revealed to Laykha Huarmi her own infamy. She knew that the bleeding and dying bird in her hand was the beautiful Khantuta, whom she had bewitched. Her black and calloused heart was strangely stirred, and with an accent of sincere remorse she cried: 'Khantuta, Khantuta, forgive me!'

At that instant Suma Chuyma reached the door. The moment he heard that name he forgot his cruel design and, his mind filled with a single thought, faced the old woman.

'You said "Khantuta." Do you know where she is?'

'Pardon, pardon!' cried the witch. 'I will give her back to you.' And with a few incantations she changed the dying bird back into the maiden Khantuta; but not abounding in life and joy as she had been before — instead a dying maiden, in whose bosom yawned a deep and mortal wound.

She lay on some llama skins, living only with her eyes — eyes filled with boundless and bitter passion. Suma Chuyma, in a paroxysm of remorse, silent with the silence of grief too great to bear, stared dumbly at his dying victim.

'My beloved,' murmured Khantuta, realizing that the last moments of her life were escaping through her wound, 'I am about to die. Embrace me and

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receive my last words. Our happiness was impossible. The love of another came between us — of my sister. Pardon her. She did it for love of you.'

Suma Chuyma was silent. His only answer was his tears.

'Before dying I ask one thing,' continued the girl. 'Every evening, as long as you live, go over again the course by which you followed me just now, playing your flute. My blood will show the path. There where I was fated to leave my life-blood we shall again be together in the mystery of the dusk. Adieu.' Her lips still moved as if she would say more, but that was her last audible word.

Every evening at sunset Suma Chuyma left the solitary cabin where he had taken refuge after renouncing forever his titles and honors, to repeat the sad calvary that the woman he loved had imposed upon him with her dying words. The blood guided his footsteps, the plaintive notes of his flute voiced the grief that never left his heart, and nature, as if wishing to join in the mournful rite, clothed her heavens and fields and wooded heights with a veil of purple, and the evening wind murmured its solemn dirge as an accompaniment.

The shepherds and the shepherd lads who passed that spot in driving their flocks to the folds at night, superstitiously clutched their amulets. They feared the place as haunted, for the blood that the enchanted bird had left on the leaves and branches seemed to grow fresher every day.

Years passed. One morning at dawn, when the shepherds and the shepherd boys were taking their flocks from the folds to the mountain pastures, they found the body of an old man, Suma Chuyma, lying by the wayside, his hands clutching his flute. The drops of blood, which the evening before had been fresher than ever, had become beautiful crimson flowers. And from that day until this, the blossoms of the Khantuta border the thickets and woodlands of the Andes like glittering rubies, their velvety petals bearing even to the remotest and most desolate places the eternal message of love and spring.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY R. A. FURNESS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

'Why do you sigh?' 'I love.' 'Who may it be?'
'A maid.' 'And fair?' 'Fair, so she seems to me.'
'Where did you notice her?' 'Where I was dining,
I saw her on the common mat reclining.'
'You 're hopeful of success?' 'Why yes, my friend:
But secret love, not open, I intend.'
'You rather shrink from wedlock?' 'She is poor
In worldly goods; I made that out for sure.'
'Made out! You love not, liar! In what fashion
Can accurate computing go with passion?'

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REMINISCENCES OF AUGUST STRINDBERG

BY I. TROTSKII

From *Dni, August*
(Berlin Anti-Bolshevist Russian-Language Daily)

In Theatre Square in Christiania, near the entrance of the National Theatre, stand two magnificent monuments, one to Björnstjerne Björnson and the other to Henrik Ibsen. The thankful people of Norway built these monuments while the two great writers still lived. The enthusiastic, ever-youthful Björnson and the gloomy, reserved Ibsen could see themselves immortalized for future generations whenever they went out for a walk. One monument was the picture of inspired ecstasy, the other of stern contemplation. The talented sculptor knew how to put into these two figures a true expression of the intellectual essence of the two giants of Scandinavian literature — so true that one might guess their individualities and the style of their creations simply by looking at the statues.

Norwegians have told me that Björnson, always bubbling over with the joy of living, invariably took off his hat when passing his own statue and greeted himself with a cheerful: 'Hello, old fellow.'

Ibsen, however, only once looked upon his monument, turned his back, and walked away; thereafter he invariably walked through streets from which he could have no glimpse of the statue. What was it that displeased the creator of Nora? This secret died with him. Ibsen never criticized the sculptor, never complained on the subject; but he definitely avoided all questions regarding his impressions of his bronze *alter ego*.

Both Björnson and Ibsen came to my memory when I strolled through the streets of Stockholm in search of some token of the Swedish people's remembrance of the great man of Scandinavian and world literature, August Strindberg. All my endeavors were vain. Ten years will soon have elapsed since his death, but neither Swedish society nor Swedish literary circles have shown any desire to immortalize the memory of the greatest Swedish literary artist. In the former apartment of Strindberg upon Drottningsgatan, where I visited him twelve years ago, lives a peaceful Swedish merchant who has only a very hazy idea about the work and the fame of the dead writer; and it was useless to look even for some small tablet upon the façade of the house that would indicate that August Strindberg had lived, written, and died there.

I was amazed. Swedes, as a rule, not only pride themselves on their great men, but they also know how to appreciate them. In Stockholm, Göteborg, and Malmö there is not a square unadorned by a monument of a king, a statesman, a national hero, a writer, a composer, or a painter. The more amazing is the conscious oblivion in which they have plunged Strindberg. Whoever was even slightly acquainted with the personal life of Strindberg knows that he created around him an atmosphere of burning enmity, even hatred, by his unsparing, bitter, and suspicious demeanor. His rôle as a restless plebeian, merciless and vehement, shocked the Swedish public. Proud and

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formal, they could not reconcile themselves with that elemental force in his nature that made him deaf and insensible to tradition and old ideals, that made him tear the wreath of goodness and virtue from woman's head, as he waged war against the conception of the family hearth and the sanctity of marriage with the slogan: 'Down with woman! Woman is the enemy!'

Few of his relentless enemies know that besides being a poet, a novelist, a dramatist, and a satirist, the volcanic Strindberg was a deep thinker, a chemist, a geologist, and a linguist. His erudition was universal. He wrote a history of the Swedish people, a work on Chinese linguistics, another on the mutual relations of Sweden and China, and on Sweden and the Tatar nationalities. This latter work was given serious consideration by the Paris Academy of Science. Strindberg was a highly trained gardener, an expert naturalist, and he possessed a remarkably rich and complete aquarium and herbarium. He worked something like eighteen hours out of twenty-four. His brain seemed to ignore fatigue. His disappointment in friendship and family life, his personal vicissitudes and the persecution on the part of his enemies — all this embittered Strindberg, increased his aloofness, and made him seek peace of mind in creative work.

After many years of wandering he lived in Stockholm the life of a hermit, and even discontinued his correspondence with his friends Gerhart Hauptmann and Wilhelm Belsche. One thing he could not give up — he kept up his fierce and passionate war with his adversaries, an occupation that poisoned the declining days of his stormy life and increased beyond limit the number of his enemies. It was during this last period of his life that I happened to make his acquaintance.

In 1911, the Moscow *Russkoe Slovo* was preparing a jubilee issue for the fiftieth anniversary of Leo Tolstoi's literary activity. I was asked to secure the participation of the prominent literary men of Germany and the Scandinavian countries. My arrival in Stockholm at that time coincided with the crossing of swords between August Strindberg and his famous countryman, Sven Hedin. With all the vehemence of which he was capable, Strindberg began to accuse Sven Hedin of fantastically misrepresenting his Tibetan expedition, and strove to prove that Hedin made no discoveries whatever in the Pamir plateau. The militant Sven Hedin did not lose any time; he erected a huge system of charges against Strindberg, alleging scientific dilettantism, willful mutilation of truth, and a malicious intention to compromise Hedin before the scientific opinion of Europe. If we remember that all this happened within less than two years after the renowned Dr. Cook had fooled Europe with his quasi-discovery of the North Pole, we shall easily understand why Swedish opinion exhibited an extreme sensitiveness in the incident. Their national dignity was at stake, which made it imperative to down August Strindberg.

To me, an outsider, the whole affair seemed extremely painful. I felt deeply hurt for the sake of a writer I admired, and at the same time felt I had no right to intervene in a domestic quarrel, being, moreover, ignorant of the questions involved. I wrote to Strindberg asking him to receive me and was invited to come and see him very soon.

Most of my Swedish friends were against him. 'He killed Gustaf-af-Geierstam, he covered Ellen Key with shame, now he attacks Sven Hedin,' they were saying. 'This man has an insatiable hatred against humankind, he has mercy for no one. He is a dan-

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gerous maniac and as such must be reduced to harmlessness. Oh yes, we know they love him in Russia and in Germany. . . . It is all very fine, but we do not feel any better for it. He piles dirt on his own home. . . .'

I used to defend him as best I could, and at any rate these streams of accusations left me unshaken in my desire to see the author of *Father, The Dance of Death, Intoxication, Black Banners*, and other immortal works.

Finally I found myself in his study. I can yet see, after a lapse of twelve years, a tall, heavy old man with prominent forehead, steel-gray eyes, and a nervous mouth disguised by a long gray moustache. Two vertical wrinkles crossed his forehead and met at the bridge of his nose, giving his face a deeply tragic expression. Impressed by the conversations I had with his enemies, I expected Strindberg to launch out upon the subject of his controversy with Hedin. To my great joy I was mistaken.

'You want an article on Tolstoi? I should find it very difficult to write one. You know, I do not share his theory of non-resistance. I do not agree with his opinion of Shakespeare. Dostoevskii is nearer to me than Tolstoi. I like Gor'kii. I have heard that Russia is cooling off toward him. Quite wrong! He has written immortal things: *Malva, Chelkash, The Lower Depths*, will outlive all of us. Gor'kii should have received the Nobel Prize a long time ago. I even had the intention to agitate for its award to him, but I cannot think of it now. My assistance will only spoil the whole matter.

'Nobody likes me. I know that. They will not forgive me *Black Banners*. They say that Gustaf-af-Geierstam committed suicide because of this work of mine and Ellen Key left the world — but that is nonsense! The hero of *Black Banners* is a collective character, and the heroine, Pai, was mistakenly believed to portray Ellen Key because of a resemblance of names. And if Ellen Key herself chose to see her own picture in my heroine — the worse for her. I am no admirer of women — that is true. I hate the mannerisms, the cunning, and the sentimentality with which woman disguises her mendacity and malice. I try to disperse the aura of sanctity and innocence woven around woman by Turgenev, Björnson, Ibsen, Krog, and other writers. I do not believe in feminine purity. I despise the so-called seduced maiden. She loses in one respect only: she forfeits the esteem of her married sisters by having proved her inexperience which, in turn, proves to be stupidity. Men marry seduced maidens, and widows, and divorced women, and disreputable women. They are not squeamish. Only ladies, Björnson, and Tolstoi want the young men to be pure, but actually, where are these pure youths? They are the fruit of Björnson's and Selma Lagerlöf's imagination.

'I have sufficiently expressed my view of woman, however, in my works. It goes without saying that Björnson, who in his declining days has written a piece brimful of youth and love, is more pleasing than I to both the public and the critics. To each one his own lot! I am called a misanthrope, a hater of mankind, a messenger of disaster, and scores of other unflattering epithets, and why? For having lived a long life and scrutinized the human race and given it a thorough appraisal. I think that man has so much primeval, animal atavism in his nature that you cannot kill it with any sort of civilization. From such a standpoint I naturally found it difficult to depict them as demigods. That would have been logically senseless and artistically false.

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'Human psychology is such a capricious labyrinth, so full of surprising depths, that tremendous artistic capacity is required to illuminate it. Dostoevskii fishes out of his human sea such types as the Karamazovs, Svidrigailov, Smerdiakov, Myshkin, Raskolnikov, people that seem to be especially chosen by him for their psychopathological oddities. And yet, they are all live people! They are here among us, everywhere, on the street, in the restaurants, in the theatre, at a dance.

'Tolstoi looks down with love upon Anna Karenina, he pities "the little Princess Bolkonskaia" like a father, he is dissatisfied with his Levin, he makes a regenerate of Nekhliudov. Chekhov, with a satiric smile on his lips, draws his everyday people, his little townsfolk. Gor'kii makes his Satin say, "Man—it sounds proudly!" Hamsun, in *Hunger*, challenges satiated and indifferent humanity. Well, I also make that same humanity speak for itself.

'Where, then, is my misanthropy and hatred of man? I wear no rosy glasses and drink no sugared water. I draw my people as they are, and if they emerge as swindlers, hypocrites, and smug citizens, it is their own fault.'

Strindberg spoke at length, and with passion. He never once mentioned Sven Hedin. He did not write any article about Tolstoi, in fact he refused to do so; and to-day, remembering this interview and the atmosphere of his last years, I become convinced of the durability of people's animosity. Strindberg is still too much alive in the hearts of his contemporaries. Strindberg the man is not yet forgiven. Strindberg the artist will have his monument erected by the posterity which will remember the heroes of his dramas and novels no longer as copies of living people but as immortal types.

THE GARLAND'S GARLAND

(*From the Greek*)

BY DOUGLAS AINSLIE

[*Chambers's Journal*]

HIGH revel, though the dawn is at the door;
The garland fades upon her brow,
But she shines as before,
The garland's garland now.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

VIRTUE'S REWARD

BY 'RICARDO'

[*Warblings of a Windy Warrior*]

Oh, 'e torked o' ruined Flanders,
An' 'e spoke of 'ell to pay,
An' 'e raved abaht 'the fiendish German swine,'
An' 'e spent 'is leisure moments in the pub acrost the way,
A-wishin' 'e wos young enuff ter jine.

But 'e went ter make munitions
When they raised the blinkin' age,
An' they 'anded 'im a red protection 'brief'
An' paid 'im aht in Bradburys wot they called a livin' wage,
For a-bein' nose-cap-sorter-aht-in-chief.

Then when the war was ended, an' 'e lorst 'is blinkin' job,
The Government they say to 'im: 'Look 'ere,
'Ere 's a hout-o'-work donation
As a tribute from the nation,
Go and pick it up an' drown yerself wiv beer.'

So 'e's a-drorin' weekly of 'is nine-and-twenty bob,
Much to 'is everlasting satisfaction.
Seemin'ly a cove gets more when 'e's on'y lorst a job
Than a wife wot 's lorst 'er bloke wot 's killed in action.

EUTHANASIA

BY OLAF STAPLETON

[*London Poetry*]

When beauty is known, cease to gaze;
for the next glance is with jaded eyes.
When work is done, or strength ended,
when the song is sung, or passion faded,
hanker not! Resign!
For those who have strength yet, good only is victory;
but to those who are worn out, what is lovely is rest.
Serve well, young eager ones! May the Good thrive in you!
But we who are spent — serve in death.

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THE FINEST ENGISH SENTENCE

Life and Letters, a new English review which is being advertised all over London so extensively that one cannot descend to the 'tube' in a 'lift' without being compelled to consider its literary merits, — at sixpence instead of the usual half-crown, — raises an interesting question in its first issue. 'What,' inquires the editor, 'is the finest sentence in English prose?' The question is of the kind that demands definition before answer, and the inquiring editor does not shirk this responsibility. His definition of the perfect sentence is threefold: 'We do not think any sentence ought to be brought forward as among the best which is not pure in diction, musical in sound, and suggestive of a definite literary personality. This may seem a very mild requirement, but it is not satisfied by many sentences in passages justly famous.'

The next number of *Life and Letters* is to contain sentences in the master style selected — but not written — by readers of the new monthly. Meantime the editor submits his own choice, a sentence from Donne: —

If some King of the earth have so large an extent of Dominion, in North and South, as that he hath Winter and Summer together in his Dominions, so large an extent East and West, as that he hath day and night together in his Dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgement together: He brought light out of darknesse, not out of a lesser light; he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring; though in the wayes of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintred and frozen, clouded and eclypsed, damped and benummed, smothered and stupified till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadowes, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite His mercies, and all times are His seasons.

He invites his readers to search the works of Sir Thomas Browne, Landor, De Quincey, Ruskin, and Pater, and proposes that when the classics have been duly investigated more modern writers such as Arthur Symons, W. H. Hudson, Max Beerbohm, Charles Doughty, Joseph Conrad, and Alice Meynell may yield a gem or two. Many modern writers, however, — and this is testimony of the decline in the beautiful art of reading aloud, — seem wholly indifferent to the demands of the ear and are content to appeal only to the eye. And, concludes this lover of good round English sentences, even 'Mr. Conrad himself is sometimes an offender in this respect.'

*

THE OMNIPRESENT SOUVENIR FIEND

SEEING that the favorite European gibe at Americans is their fondness for souvenirs, and the devastating and reprehensible lengths to which they go to get them, this bit from the London *Sunday Times*, which transfers the shoe to the other foot, is well worth quoting: —

I wonder how many pieces of Hamlet's grave there are lying on mantelpieces in different parts of England, and belonging now to people who say casually, when you think it is a piece of an air-raid, 'No, only a bit of Hamlet's grave, you know.'

When I was at Elsinore, a few weeks ago, my guide told me that a large piece had been removed the previous week; now Louis Nethersole, who has been there recently, says that, on the ship on which he returned home, an Englishman showed him a lump of rock which he had taken from the grave.

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More than that, he offered Mr. Nethersole a piece. I suppose they renew the grave every other month.

✽

HOW MUCH OF A FLEMING WAS BEETHOVEN?

On the occasion of the centenary of Beethoven's death, which will not be celebrated until four years from now, a Flemish musical critic, M. Van Cawelaerts, propounds a new theory of Beethoven's spiritual ancestry. He asserts that the musical genius of Ludwig van Beethoven was largely of Flemish origin.

The paternal grandfather of Beethoven was a native of Antwerp and a professional singer who later emigrated to Bonn. Now a single generation, or more exactly a time of forty years, is not sufficient to transform completely the ethical and psychological basis of a human character. Even without having recourse to the natural laws formulated by Darwin and Lombroso, one can see clearly that Ludwig van Beethoven was the apex of a line of musicians. The tradition of musical instinct from father to son was as evident in that family as it was in the family of Johann Sebastian Bach.

The Flemish historian of Beethoven does not stop there. It seems insufficient to him to base his theory on lineage, which is somewhat in contradiction to the theory of the spontaneous origin of genius without reference to time or environment. Accordingly he tries to discover subtle bonds between the author of the Ninth Symphony and the Flemish contrapuntists of the fourteenth century. At that period Antwerp was already celebrated as the home of a flourishing school of painters, brilliant precursors of Rubens and Van Dyck, and of counterpoint composers of fine achievement. From Antwerp came Joaquin del Prato, the master of Gomber, who was music teacher to Charles V; Goudimel, founder of the Roman school which later produced Palestrina; Egidio Biuchois and Du Fay, authors of some hundred and fifty musical compositions and founders of the renowned school of Flemish counterpoint.

Van Cawelaerts asserts that these musicians had a great influence upon the creative genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, who, with Mozart and Haydn, was a great source of inspiration for Beethoven in his first period of creation.

Finally the Flemish author recalls the story, unfortunately problematic, of the travels of the great organist of Lübeck, the Dane Dietrich Buxtehude, in Flanders, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Buxtehude was the author of many magnificent compositions for the organ, and he had a peculiarity not often found among the modern writers: he refused to have any of his work published. The only way to know his compositions was to hear them executed, and accordingly Johann Sebastian Bach embarked on a journey on foot to Lübeck in order to hear the great organist play. For three months he had been in daily contact with Buxtehude; and it is claimed that he is indebted for the spirit of his immortal fugues to these three months of intimacy with Flemish music.

One thing speaks in favor of the author of all these hypotheses — namely that, according to his reviewer in the *Tribuna*, he offers them to the credulous reader in the form of cautious questions.

✽

THE POPE AND THE BIRDS

Protection of wild life is distinctly an American notion, which also has a deep root in England. On the Continent, although the idea of game pre-

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serves is mediæval or earlier, protection of song birds is not carried very far, and Italy has always been the most pitiless of all lands in its treatment of them. In fact, much of the most difficult work of the Audubon Societies in the United States has been the protection of American song birds against Italian immigrants whose Latin sense of the beautiful sees in our warblers merely a table delicacy. If the birds have had a friend in Italy since Saint Francis of Assisi, he has managed to escape notice, and he has done the birds singularly little good.

That is why it is especially agreeable to note in *La Petite Gironde* a communication from the Pope through the medium of Cardinal Gasparri, expressing his sympathy with the French *Ligue pour la protection des oiseaux*. The papal communication runs: 'One cause finds in the Gospel a sound claim on the sympathy of the faithful: how can one be cruel toward the glad little creatures of the air who are, as our Lord Himself tells us, under the care of our Heavenly Father?' And therefore His Holiness expresses the desire that this effort toward goodness and kindness will find among Catholics the good reception that it deserves.

✽

KISSING AND TELLING

A READER of the *Living Age* sends us the following quotation from the Diaries of W. S. Blunt, apropos of the article upon Pierre Loti that we published in our issue of December 8, with this personal comment: 'It confirms what some Tahitian friends told me about him many years ago when I discussed *Le mariage de Loti* with them.'

. . . After dinner Cambon, who was a bit of a poseur, sat on a sofa between two adies, telling stories of Pierre Loti and his fabulous love adventures. Loti, when at Constantinople, had made the acquaintance of an Armenian lady of the half-world, and on that slender foundation of romance built up his tale of an intrigue with the Turkish inmate of a harem of the Eyub quarter who died of jealousy for his sake. So successfully had he done it that he had convinced himself of its truth, and to the point that when he returned to Constantinople, and was staying at the French Embassy, he came in one day from a walk, and assured Cambon, who knew the true story, and Loti knew that he knew it, that he had just been to weep in the spot in the Eyub quarter where he had been so happy. He had found the quarter burned, and the house reduced to ashes. Cambon assured us that Loti did this in all good faith, having been able to persuade himself to believe in these bonnes fortunes as things that had actually happened. . . .

✽

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS, ADVERTISING MAN

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS, having been exhumed from the dusty shelves of the Bodleian, deciphered, broadcasted to the winds, — if not of heaven, at least of the library, — read, parodied, loved, and laughed at, is undergoing his final humiliation in the very city where the fascinating *Diary* was written. The *London Magazine* is devoting a special section of its advertising pages to 'The Posthumous Ad-Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire.'

The 'Ad-Diary' occupies five pages, the first of which is devoted to a huge portrait of the diarist and the unquestioned statement that 'most of the editions of Pepys's *Diary* are incomplete'; but not every slave of the Pepys habit will be able to accept the authenticity of all that follows. Mr. Pepys learns to patronize a mail-order house, is advised to buy toothbrushes and encourages his wife to buy them for Christmas presents, discovers a new patent sole and an artificial leather, and ends by considering the manifold excellences of a new brand of perfume.

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REVIVING A CEREMONY

An odd old custom was revived last October in the Flemish village of Comines, tucked away in the north of France. About 1454 the Seigneur Jean de Comines, having been imprisoned after the good old custom by a neighboring prince, managed to reveal his whereabouts by throwing the wooden utensils given him for table use out of the dungeon where he was confined. When his faithful subjects came to rescue him, he established a fair at which the ceremonial of throwing these 'louches' — as the country people still call them — among the crowd was always carried out.

But after a few hundred years of throwing louches the people of Comines got tired of it, and the custom was abandoned. This year, however, some enterprising member of the Comines Rotary Club thought it high time to disinter the old tradition, and the white-bearded fathers of the *municipalité* solemnly mounted a platform guarded by two huge and grinning wooden dolls, and hurled the wooden louches into the assembled throng. Not everyone in the crowd escaped injury, but, according to a French account, 'You could see people boasting of the fact that they carried on their heads the marks of the blows received in this rough distribution.'

✻

IMMINENT WORKS BY EMINENT HANDS

New books by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton loom in the offing. It is definitely announced that Miss Sybil Thorndike will produce the new Shaw play, *Saint Joan*, as soon as *The Lie*, by Sir Henry Arthur Jones, which is still drawing large houses at the New Theatre, has ended its run. There is an element of irony in the succession, for it is only a few months since Mr. Jones gave vigorous expression to a hostility toward Mr. Shaw and his ideas almost as bitter as that which he poured out against Mr. Wells. Even this was by no means a new attitude, for a few years ago, in his book on *The Theatre of Ideas*, Mr. Jones held up to ridicule all the theories on which the Shavian theatre is based.

Saint Joan is to have a New York production almost at once, but the publishers surround the new play with a tantalizing air of mystery. From London comes the news that Mr. Shaw has only recently passed the proofs, and that the public will probably not be allowed to catch a glimpse of the printed play until it has appeared upon the boards. The London *Observer* says that 'it is spoken of by the very few who have been allowed to read it as one of the finest, if not the finest, play Mr. Shaw has written, infused with powerful and moving beauty and, in contrast to the diffuseness of the five-evening *Back to Methuselah*, wonderfully compact and obedient to the more obvious necessities of the theatre.'

G. K. Chesterton has followed Mr. A. Edward Newton's example and written a play about Dr. Johnson. Perhaps this stout defender of the Catholic faith is encouraged by the success of *Magic*, the only drama in his long literary career, which was successfully revived at the Kingsway Theatre, London, last October; or perhaps the resemblance in avoirdupois between the author and his new hero was too much for him to resist. It is also said that an American theatrical manager has asked for a play based on the Father Brown stories, but this is all very indefinite, and the particular incidents on which the play will be based have not yet been selected.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides, by Rudyard Kipling, Commissioner, Boy Scouts. London: Macmillan and Co., 1923. 4*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE little book of stories, essays, and verses published to-day would hardly have made Mr. Kipling famous if he had not been famous already. Nothing in it reaches the height of gusto and of sympathetic vision that must surely preserve to 'Love o' Women' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy' their places among masterpieces of tragic imagination, or the warmth of humorous sympathy that glowed in the best of his earlier stories of children and elephants. The book reminds you of one of the later volumes of Mr. Kipling's inspirer, Bret Harte, for in it there is everything but that last half-knot of narrative speed, that last foot-pound of creative force which made one's first reading of *Plain Tales from the Hills* so exciting, however fiercely one's whole mind disclaimed sympathy with some of Mr. Kipling's theories and ideals. This time, again, one is often in rebellion against the great writer's choice of objects for admiration.

The Youngest Drama, by Ashley Dukes. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd., 1923. 8*s*. 6*d*.

[James Agate in the *Sunday Times*]

THE latest critical volume is *The Youngest Drama*, by Mr. Ashley Dukes. The author dedicates his book to 'the youngest dramatists.' He might have said that it is by the youngest critic. For Mr. Dukes is the most youthful of all who ply that trade, not in the sense of learning or authority, but in the one way in which youth counts — enthusiasm. He has that fresher zeal which is the polite and moral justification of those who, in any walk of life, knock so insistently at elder doors. For him Ibsen cannot be too heavy, nor Milne too light. For him Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Hampstead even, are not too far away; nor is he discommoded by the Waterloo Road. His book is admirable. It contains the right kind of challenge and provocation. . . .

These pages show a rare talent for epitome — in the case of the Forerunners almost for epitaph. Of D'Annunzio we read: —

'In the perspective of his dramas rise the pillars of classical form, and in the foreground move figures who recall the art of the Italian masters. And yet a shimmer of banality overspreads the whole. The tragic sense merges into the sensational. The symbolic conception is slurred by the sentimental. The fantasy withers in the torrid heats of emphasis. This airman, indeed, never falls to earth, but he soars into the empyrean with all the facility of journalism.'

This is good criticism. 'The beauty of rationalism' is to be found in Mr. Granville Barker's work. Sir Arthur Pinero 'identified himself, in spite of his better nature, with the egregious respectability of Aubrey Tanqueray, with the minatory trumpetings of Cayley Drummle to his fellows of the smoking-room herd. He threw Paula to the Victorians. . . .' Mr. Shaw is that 'incredible phenomenon, a snowclad volcano in eruption.' But for his moral passion 'all is frozen thought.' His air is 'rarefied and mistless.' Sudermann's *Magda* is 'the queen of parlor melodramas.' Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* is 'Sophoclean tragedy in a back bedroom.' There is wit and wisdom here.

The Expert Witness, by C. Ainsworth Mitchell. London: Heffer and Sons, Ltd., 1923. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

MR. C. AINSWORTH MITCHELL, the editor of the *Analyst*, has written a book which ought to be a perfect delight to the criminologist. It is in some measure a sequel to his well-known book, *Science and the Criminal*, but deals more specially with the application of Science and of Art to human identification, criminal investigation, civil actions, and history.

The author is an expert on writing, on inks, and on finger-prints, and it is this knowledge, together with his enthusiasm, that forms one of the most exciting books of modern times, *The Expert Witness*.

To look at the index is to realize what a feast of interest is in store for the reader. At the beginning of the alphabet are the words, 'Aconite poisoning, 97,' and turning to that page it is not long before we are rereading all the grisly facts about the Crippen case. Crippen used henbane as a poison because he knew that the properties of hyoscine and hyoscyamine, the active principles of henbane, were then but little known.

There is also the case of Dr. Lamson, who took advantage of the lack of chemical tests for aconite to use it as a means of disposing of a young brother-in-law. 'Lord Brampton, who tried the case, pointed out that Lamson was far too clever a man to put aconite in the pills which he gave his victim, and that in all probability he had concealed the alkaloid in the raisin of a cake, a slice of which he gave to his young brother-in-law, while he and the schoolmaster had eaten portions of the otherwise harmless cake.'

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Another case is that of a guileless-looking gentleman who was anxious to be supplied with chemicals which would act as vanishing and reappearing inks to amuse his children. Shortly afterward he appeared at the police court on a charge of fraud on the turf. 'His method was to write the name of a horse on a betting-slip, which would be retained by one of his clients, and upon which the name would subsequently fade, to be automatically replaced by that of another horse. The fraud was exposed by one of the intended victims, who observed the change taking place.'

But, in fact, there is no end to the entertainment provided by this remarkable book.

Warblings of a Windy Warrior, by 'Ricardo.' Birmingham: Cornish Brothers, 1923. *2s. 6d.*

[*London Poetry*]

LIVELY lyrics and parodies, most of which were written while the author was a member of the Birmingham City Battalion, and are of little more than private or topical interest. There are pieces, however, such as 'The Ballad of Slippery Bill,' which deserve a wider publicity. There are verses, too, which satirize the munition-worker's well-paid patriotism, though without bitterness — which is as it should be — because he only took that which a cowardly Government pushed into his pocket.

[A poem from this volume appears on A Page of Verse.]

The Travels of Fa-hsien (A.D. 399-414), or Record of the Buddhistic Kingdoms. Translated by H. A. Giles. London and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1923. *5s.*

[*Discovery*]

IT will be remembered how Gautama Buddha left his young wife and one-day-old child, and rode away into the Indian night, having renounced everything that was precious to him. That was 2500 years ago, and many travels, prilgrimages, and wanderings have since been performed by his followers. None, perhaps, has been more remarkable than the travels of Fa-hsien, which even vie with the journeyings of Saint Paul in the matter of dangers encountered, and certainly exceed them in the distances covered. This Chinese shaman set out from Ch'ang-an, in Central China, in A.D. 399, being 'distressed by the imperfect state of the Buddhist *Disciplines*' and wishing to obtain these 'Rules' in India. He walked practically the whole way across the Desert of Gobi, over the Hindu Kush, and down through India to the mouth of the Hooghly River. Thence he took ship to Ceylon, where he remained for two years, finally returning by ship to China through the Sunda Strait. It took him fifteen years to accomplish his journey; he brought back with him the objects of his quest — books of the Buddhist Canon and images of Buddhist deities; and subsequently 'he wrote down on bamboo tablets and silk an account of what he had been through, desiring that the gentle reader share his information.'

he first translation into a European language of this 'Record' was the French version of Rémusat, published in 1836. Of later translations that of Professor H. A. Giles into English is most worthy of mention. It was first published in 1877, and this great Chinese scholar has now given the English public a revised version of his work.

Untrodden Ways: Adventures on English Coasts, Heaths, and Marshes, by H. J. Massingham. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923. *10s. 6d.*

[*To-Day*]

MR. MASSINGHAM has made for himself a high position among writers on those varied subjects which are grouped under the inexact term, 'natural history,' but, as if conscious of this inexactitude, he has never allowed birds and flowers to wheedle him very far from books and persons, which properly understood are just as 'natural' as any other objects of history or research. Thus in his latest volume he mingles charming essays and dissertations on birds and beasts, places and persons, the latter including essays on George Crabbe and W. H. Hudson. Mr. Massingham is a naturalist of sentiment, without being sentimental, although he comes very near without, as Americans say, 'falling for' the latter vice in 'One's Dog.' For some reason or other few people can write or talk about dogs without being 'sloppy'; they wallow in doggieness, as Maeterlinck did in one of the books of his later period. Mr. Massingham can handle dog-love with dignity and humor. His bird portraits, including the delightful essay on the Woodlark — *Lullula Arborea* — which originally appeared in *To-Day*, are as charming as ever, but they have successful competitors where the life of the birds is linked up with the spirit of place in such essays as those on Richmond Park, Farne Islands, and Blakeney.

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This Week

Lord Charnwood, biographer of two American presidents, here turns his attention to another aspect of our history. The Monroe Doctrine, actually framed by the wily John Quincy Adams, is a less popular document in Europe than some of the Honorable Charles E. Hughes's recent outbursts. But the English are occasionally good enough sports to appreciate a little corrupt Imperialism in others, especially when it all happened a hundred years ago.

* * *

We are printing this week the first installment of by far the most thorough study of South America's attitude toward this country and the rest of the world that has appeared for some time. Señor Quintana has no use for diplomats, capitalists, or Yankees, and he lays about him with an indignant hand. In this issue he attacks Europe; our turn comes next week.

* * *

The picture of Mexico under Obregón shows why Señor Quintana feels as he does. Since the days of Diaz Mexico has traveled a long way on the road of progress, aided chiefly by the petroleum boom. Education and land are available free of charge and there were ninety-seven strikes in the first eight months of 1923.

* * *

Now that the former Crown Prince of Germany admits that 'thinking has gradually become a habit' we feel safe in printing one of his letters. If his father ever hears of it, we are sure that he will be glad to know that his son's correspondence is appearing in such a good magazine.

* * *

One sets down this issue of the *Living Age* with the feeling that Spain is probably the best nation in the entire world. One article illustrates her clear-sightedness, another her enterprise, a third her skill in fiction, and Señor Azaña shows her sense of honor and charitableness. That she deserves a place in the sun, however, does not mean that she will get it.

* * *

From the first polite sentence and on through a succession of equally gracious refutations, Mr. H. Wilson Harris demolishes Stéphane Lauzanne's recent attack on the League. It would have been easier to call M. Lauzanne a liar but much less fun.

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet enumerating the important features in securities with which investors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

Protected Bonds. A booklet, "57 Years of Proven Safety," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"Common Sense in Investing Money," a booklet containing a statement concerning real estate mortgage bonds, of interest to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

"Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"Shawmut Service," an interesting booklet setting forth the many-sided service rendered by a present-day big-city bank. Of much interest to business men. Offered by the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Getting the Most from Your Money." Investment involves method. Some follow one plan, some another. This booklet sets forth plans and suggestions useful to men and women who take more than ordinary interest in their investment problems. Offered by Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service"; Equitable Trust Company, 37 Wall Street, New York City.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for in their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"For Buyers of Bonds," an interesting booklet for buyers of investment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a large bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities or corporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

"Hides and Skins and the Manufacture of Leather," a booklet giving information of interest to investors in connection with one of our great industries. Offered by the First National Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Public Utility Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better known public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selection with yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this circular will be sent on request.

Buying Investment Stocks: *Atlantic Monthly* readers may secure full information about the sale and purchase of investment stocks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

"Municipal Bonds of the Pacific Northwest," a booklet which describes the process of issuing Northwestern municipal or local improvement bonds. Offered by Wm. P. Harper & Son, Seattle, Washington.

"How to Select Safe Bonds," an instructive booklet describing various kinds of bonds and what measures the investor may take to be sure of the safety of his funds. Offered by Geo. M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Banking Service: All forms of banking service, commercial, investment, and fiduciary, are rendered by the Continental & Commercial Banks. Full details will be furnished upon request. 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

The Twilight of Democracy?

Several European countries hav lately set up dictatorships: Ge many, Italy, Russia, Spain.

Elsewhere this anti-liberal spiri shows itself in attempted cu tailment of freedom of spee and the abrogation of full civ rights, if not by government then by minority groups.

The Manchester Guardian Weekly

enables the thinking American t understand in its full significance th present wave of anti-democratic spiri passing over nations.

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